THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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ELFIE MAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Oh, Elfie! darling Elfie May,
Through weary night and lonely day,
I still that happy time recall,
Beside the laughing waterfall,
When we together stood,
And watched the glowing sun descend,
And saw the twilight shadows blend
With shadows of the wood.

Thy sweet face floats before my view,
Thine eyes of deepest violet hue,
The dimpled shoulders white and bare,
The waving curls of gold-brown hair,
Still live in memory's light;
Thy laugh rang out like silver bells,
Its echo with my spirit dwells,
Like music heard at night.

Long years have passed away, again
I stand within the little glen,
The purple eve is softly bright,
The ripe fields smile in Autumn's light,
Still lovely as of old;
Sweet odors from the orchard blow,
Where apple boughs are bending low
With clustered red and gold.

I turn to where thy face should be,
My early love, I only see,
Beyond the church-yard's lowly wall,
A drooping willow's graceful fall,
A white memorial stone;
The willow bends above thy breast,
The marble shows thy place of rest,
Would that it were my own.

Louisville, Ky. A. C. B.

THE LADY OF PLAS TYRION.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MARY HOWITT.

PART II.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SACRIFICE.

Emily and her little son were again at Plas Tyrion. It was the month of August, and Plas Tyrion asserted its right to the name; it was indeed a *pleasant place*; flowers bloomed, the sunshine lay here in broad masses, there broken and shadowy through thick foliage. The grounds which Emily had laid out were fully perfected; shrubs had grown into trees; birds built and reared their young there; fuschias and hydrangeas filled whole borders with their wonderful bloom, which nowhere flourishes more luxuriantly than in the Welsh climate and soil. Plas Tyrion had its smooth lawns, its abundant gardens, its winding walks up the hillside, where nature, whilst left to assert herself, was yet kept within bounds, and the more perfected growths of the garden were skillfully introduced among the native products of the hills. Tourists wandering in that part of Wales looked down from many a point beyond the Plas Tyrion boundary, and envied the possessor of that fairy place, who, of a certainty, could have no wish ungratified on earth.

That August month was singularly beautiful, singularly calm and bright, and the sea, for days unruffled by a single breeze, lay smiling as a lovely bay, reflecting the blue, cloudless sky within itself, like another heaven. It reminded Emily of the sea as she had been familiarized to it in the Isle of Wight, and her memory infected even by this heavenly image, drew from it nothing but poison. But so it is; the mind, or the body alike, may be in that abnormal state when they are open to contagion, which otherwise would be thrown off innocuous. She lived over again the old days of her youth, when she gazed daily upon such a sea, and when Wynwode first exercised his magical influence over her.

Leaving her house and gardens, and taking with her one of her fragrant Russia-leather bound volumes, she felt attracted to the hill-top where she could gaze over the blue, unruffled sea, and listen to the murmur of the incoming or receding tide. Here she sat for hours, day after day, little Ernest playing about with his favorite Jack; now gathering flowers, now lying with his dog at his side gazing up into the blue infinitude above him, talking to his mother or himself about the angels who were "up there."

In the evenings she went to Llanfair to see Lady Frances; or Lady Frances drove over to her; and they talked over and over together all the merriment and triumph of the late election. It was wonderful that the subject did not grow threadbare, but Lady Frances was continually hearing from Wynwode, and he had always something new to tell. He was coming down to them before long. Mr. Corbett, who was an ardent fisherman, had invited him for a week's fishing, and he had promised to come; they expected to have a good deal of pleasure when he came, and excursions and pic-nic parties were industriously planned.

One morning, after they had been at Plas Tyrion for about two days, Emily was sitting on the hill as usual, and little Ernest, with his arms around his dog, was lying at her side, when the dog began suddenly to utter a low growl.

"Be still, Jack!" said the boy, striking him gently.

But the dog instead of obeying growled louder, and leaping up would have dashed forward had not Ernest held him back.

"Be quiet, my good old Jack!" said he, with his arms round his neck.

"Be still, sirrah!" said Emily, knowing by this token that some one was approaching, and evidently some one of whom the dog did not approve.

A strange presentiment, a foreboding, shot like a dull pain through her heart, and the same moment Wynwode made his appearance, already close to them by the turn of the path.

"Oh, it's *you*, is it?" said the boy, in that uncompromising tone which children who are greatly caressed and dare to speak their honest thoughts, often adopt. "Why do you come sneaking up the hill and frightening Jack? Now be quiet, Jack!" said he, turning to the dog which still growled, "and show your good manners!"

Emily, who was generally so much a woman of the world as to show no outward surprise or emotion, whatever might be her inward feeling, blushed a deep crimson at the sight of Wynwode, with as much consciousness as when she met her husband's gaze on that Christmas day at Bonchurch, and she was even more annoyed at herself for so doing than on that occasion. Wynwode, in the easiest way possible, after the first brief greeting, threw himself on the turf on the other side of Emily, the dog still eyeing him as with disapprobation, and uttering low growls, which Ernest playfully reproved and chastised him.

"You don't know good manners, Jack! Turn now, shake hands, and be friends! Oh, mamma, Jack shakes hands so beautifully!"

In the meantime Wynwode and his mother were in deep conversation. The event of the election had so pleased the old Earl of Sevenoaks, that he had at length obtained for Wynwode, through his interest with the ministry, the appointment of Ambassador to the Court of Turin, and he must leave England in less than a month. An appointment of this kind, desired for years came now, Wynwode said, like a sentence of death.

Jack growled, and the boy exclaimed, pulling his mother's sleeve,

"Mamma, what can make Jack so cross? Shake hands, Jack, and be friends! Oh, mamma, do look at Jack shaking hands! Isn't he a darling old dog?"

"I shall stay at Llanfair as long as I possibly can," continued Wynwode, speaking in a low voice, "and you will remain at Plas Tyrion. I must be near you!"

"I shall not leave just at present," returned Emily, also speaking low.

"Mr. Wynwode!" now shouted the boy, "Mr. Wynwode, why don't you speak when you are spoken to?"

"I did not hear you speak," said Wynwode.

"What is it, my angel?" asked his mother.

"I want to know whether Mr. Wynwode ever saw a handsomer dog than my Jack in London?"

"Don't tease him about Jack, my darling!" said his mother.

"Look here, Ernest," said Mr. Wynwode, addressing the boy; and opening a small jewel case, he displayed a bracelet of unusual value and beauty; "is not that very lovely?" he asked. "It is for mamma."

"No such thing!" exclaimed Emily, at once startled as by a sense of impropriety.

"It is a present," Wynwode continued, "from Lord Sevenoaks, to her whom he calls the most beautiful and fascinating woman in the world. It is his acknowledgment of her services in the late election. I have nothing to do with it, upon my soul I have not! nothing further than to present it. Allow me to clasp it on the lovely arm to which it can give no additional grace!"

Emily held forth her hand, and Wynwode, clasping the bracelet on her wrist, pressed the hand to his lips. The child, watching all this, took up the dog's paw and pressed it also, with mock solemnity, to his lips.

No one witnessed this action, and perhaps disappointed that it passed unobserved, he said, "Give me a bracelet, mamma, for Jack! Mr. Wynwode, give poor old Jack a bracelet!"

In the meantime Wynwode said, "I never saw the Earl so much delighted in my life as when he heard who wrote that clever song."

"Oh, Heavens!" said Emily, "does he know? Who told him?"

"Not I," said Wynwode; "on the contrary, I endeavored to claim the authorship. I would not have betrayed you for the world; but Lord Little knew, and so did that fool, Arbuthnot."

"If my husband should hear that I wrote it!" exclaimed Emily.

"If my husband should hear that I wrote it!" repeated a voice from behind the great dog, and Emily, suddenly turning round, saw the child lying with his arms across the creature's back, watching them, and listening to all that was said.

"Run away, my angel!" she said, for she often addressed him in this way; "you annoy me; run away, and take Jack with you. Get me some flowers and ferns, and I will make you a garland for Jack; bring me plenty."

"A great handful—as many as you can carry," added Wynwode.

And the obedient child rose up, and calling the dog, they both went slowly out of sight.

"Thank you, Emily," said Wynwode, "for sending him away." He had never called her "Emily" before, not even at the time of their greatest intimacy in the Isle of Wight.

The moment she saw the child going, she remembered her promise to her mother to keep him always with her, when in company with Wynwode; but she replied to herself that she could not bear to have him listening to all that was said; he had heard too much already—and she let him go.

Her soul was in a tumult of agitation. Wynwode gazed tenderly and passionately at her.

"I am glad that you have been so fortunate as to get this appointment," at length she said.

"If it had come ten years ago," replied Wynwode, in that low voice into which he could throw so much expression, "it would have been as welcome as a gift from heaven, as that which was more precious to me than life itself;—it would have given me the ability to have won your hand—for I know that I had your love at that time. Hear me, Emily; when I seemed to give you up, in the Isle of Wight, without a regret, no one knew the anguish, the cost of that renunciation. My life was infinitely less dear to me than were you. And now I would rather remain in England, poor as I am, and be able to see you, to be with you, than receive an appointment of ten times this value, which must separate me from you."

She made no reply, and he continued, "We have much in common, Emily—and—say not that I deceive myself—you still love me—and my passion for you is deeper than it ever was. Remain, at least, at Plas Tyrion, whilst I am at Llanfair. Do not deny me—promise me this one small pleasure!" he said, with passionate emphasis.

"Yes—I will!" she said.

At that moment a shrill scream seemed to ring through earth and heaven; seemed to stop every pulse in her frame, like the cry of some tremendous woe, which paralyzed the whole universe—a cry which pierced through ear and heart—the voice of her child, uttering a cry as of horror and death, and instantaneously followed by the howling yell of the dog, rending the still air like an appalling echo.

Without a word, pale as death, and forgetting the circumstances of the last few moments, Emily sprang to her feet, and rushing to the path which led round the brow of the hill, whence the terrible cry had proceeded, shouted with frantic eagerness the name of her child.

"Ernest, my darling! Oh, my God! Where are you, my precious Ernest!"

The dog howled, and plunged among the brushwood which formed the brink of the terrible precipice, longing, as it were, to take the plunge below, yet prevented from so doing by its fearful height.

"Oh, my child! my child!" screamed the mother, and but for Wynwode, who was at her side, she might also have thrown herself below, in her despair, for there was no reason to doubt but that the child had fallen over.

Wynwode, appalled at this awful and undreamed of catastrophe, held her fast, and consoled and assured her, though, in truth, he saw no ground even for hope, if, as he dreaded, the poor fellow, fearless on a path, however dangerous, which was familiar to him, had, in endeavoring to reach some fern or flower, fallen over, in which case death was inevitable. Nevertheless he endeavored to give hope, that he might withdraw from the fatal spot, and as a plea for so doing, urged the dog to take the plunge.

"Oh, my child, my boy—my little Ernest!" screamed the mother, and then catching the hope from Wynwode, frantically bade the still hesitating but pitifully howling dog to seek him, and the poor creature, again uttering a long cry, looked up into her face, and plunged down. It was such a plunge as no dog had perhaps ever before made after his master.

"Now he is safe!" exclaimed Wynwode, speaking in a voice of forced exultation, withdrawing Emily from the terrible brink, "now we must go below and have a boat ready to receive him."

But without stopping to hear the last words, she rushed with wild speed from this fatal spot, and down the other side of the hill, keeping to no path, which, in its circuitous winding, would have led her round, but directly down, through brushes and over masses of rock, still crying, "My child! my child! oh, my child!"

The men working at a small quarry near heard her cry; so did others carting away seagravel from the shore, whilst the whole terrified household of Plas Tyrion were all out, and catching from the words their terrible meaning, stood aghast as if petrified. And then when their mistress, fierce, almost, in her agony, bade them bring out the boat, all rushed forward, and in less time than could have been conceived possible, the boat was round the rock. Another boat, belonging to a fisherman, who lived just by, was also out, for the man had happened to see, not the fall of the child, but the desperate leap of the dog, and recognizing the well known Plas Tyrion Jack, surmised that something terrible had occurred.

Wynwode followed Emily into the boat, but she did not see him; she saw nobody, she thought of nothing but the child and the possibility of recovering and saving him. The first frantic outbreak of her grief was hushed by her eagerness for speed. They could not row fast enough, and yet oars, perhaps, never moved so swiftly before. The men were pale and resolute; she looked almost terrible, for there was a stern rigidity in her countenance, as of one who faces an awful doom, who clings to one hope, but if that fail her, will die. She spoke not a word, and her eye swept wildly across the smooth sunny bosom of the sea, seeking for her lost treasure.

Before they reached the foot of the cliff they saw the dog swimming about. He had made the desperate plunge uninjured, and he was still doing his duty, but he had not found him whom he plunged to save, and at that sight the men looked at each other silently, and again a cry burst from that mother's heart, which was echoed back from the rock. It was just then the turn of the tide, and the boats rowed hither and thither; the dog was encouraged for further search, but every one, excepting Emily herself, knew that there was no longer hope, but she would not give up hope. Now she thought he might be lodged on some ledge of the rock, injured perhaps, but still alive, and she called with words of love to him, "Ernest, my darling, your mother is here! She will have you fetched down. Wait, my angel, till they climb to you! Oh, do not think you are forsaken! Do not die!"

The boldest of the men scrambled up the almost perpendicular rock, at the peril of their lives, the mother promising all possible rewards to the man that should bring him living to her arms.

"All Plas Tyrion shall be his, who brings me my child alive! Oh, search, search, if you have any pity; do not give it up! Surely if you will not search for love of him, who was so kind to every one—surely, surely you will for Plas Tyrion!"

But not one man among them needed the spur either of her reproaches, or of the great reward she offered. There was not a man but was ready for love of the child to do his utmost—and they all did it.

The dog, exhausted by his efforts, was taken into the boat—and as if it knew only too well how vain was every endeavor, sat trembling and howling dismally with an expression of anguish in its eyes, which would have gone to every heart if any one had had thought to bestow upon him. He nestled to Emily's knee, and looked now into her face, and now over the sea. The men tried to put him aside because of his wetting her dress, but he would not be parted from her, and she never knew whether her dress were wet or dry.

It was a strange, sad sight to see her sitting in the boat, wan and terror-stricken, with an unspeakable anguish of self-reproach and self-accusation in her soul, staring now into vacancy, now looking wildly round along the surface of the sea, and now trying to pierce, as it were, with her gaze, the hard, rugged face of the rock, and then, as if her heart could not long bear its anguish, uttering cries of such unspeakable misery as wrung every heart to hear. Then she sat with that jewelled bracelet on her arm, unconscious of it, as of everything, but her great woe—and her great sin. Wynwode never spoke; to a certain degree, his feelings were akin to hers; and appalled by this awful outstretching of the hand of Judgment, he would at that moment, have sacrificed much could he have brought the child back to life. Sitting there, he lived over again, as in lightning flashes, many by-gone times; the outbreak of boyish anger in which he struck and blinded Franklin; the voluntary promise he had made him in the little inn parlor near Bonchurch, never to cross his path in life, never to add another injury to what had already been done, and now—! Conscience, which then made itself heard, held up, as it were, a mirror before him, and he wished he were lying in the place of the drowned child, as innocent as he.

No hope now remained of saving the child's life, even if the body were recovered, and the chances were that the receding tide would, in all probability, carry out the body, unless it should fortunately be lodged in the interior of one of the caves, into which the tide might have carried it. For this faint hope they would now wait till low water.

When this was decided upon, as the sole remaining chance of finding the body, Emily addressed a remark to Wynwode, the only words she spoke to him during the whole time.

"After three hours more, there can be no hope of life!" she said, in a hollow voice, which could hardly have been recognized as hers.

He shook his head, but made no other reply.

"Nevertheless," she said, "it must be tried. I shall stay. And you," she said, addressing some of her people, who were with her in the boat, "go back, see everything prepared; let the doctor be fetched; ride as for life and death, and let all be ready."

She had, in the excitement of terror and dismay, forgotten to give these orders before, when there might have been a chance of their being availing; but the domestics who remained, the women especially, had prepared everything; and a groom, weeping like a child, was off on the fastest horse for medical help.

The boats neared each other; the fisherman gave up his to some of Emily's servants, two only of whom, trusty men, whose hearts were half broken by this sorrow, remained with her, while the fisherman and his son, two sturdy men, accustomed all their lives to the sea, took the oars, and again the little boat, from which the dog could not be separated, moved to and fro in the cruel face of the rock, watching for low water.

Wynwode went off with such of the servants as returned to Plas Tyrion, landing amid crowds of sorrowing, sympathizing men, women and children, who were gathered on the shore, whilst two or three other boats put off to bear distant company, and to render help if needed. Wynwode, who could not bear his own reflection and to whom inaction would have been intolerable, ordered a horse to be instantly saddled that he might ride for the doctor; but the doctor was already in the house, and everything was prepared. He was not needed at Plas Tyrion: the dismay and sorrow of the weeping women servants were more than he could bear, and he set off, hurrying as if to rid himself of his thoughts, along the high-road towards Llanfair.

The tide slowly receded; the sun sank towards the West without a cloud; jackdaws, which had nests by thousands in the face of the rocks, wheeled round with their chattering cry; gulls circled in the sunlight, skimmed the calm surface of the sea, with their broad, white wings. All was as calm and outwardly joyous, as if there were no breaking, nor bereaved, nor guilt-stricken hearts in the world. The little boat rowed slowly backwards and forwards; not a word was spoken, but they watched, with hungry eyes, the falling waters, falling lower and lower, and now revealing the black mouths of the caves. The water swilkered, with a heavy motion, into the black openings, and against the sides of the rock, and with each turn of the boat, it was visibly lower, and the mouths of the caves yawned wider, and at each turn the boat approached nearer and nearer.

Not a word was said, for as all possibility of finding the body alive was gone, every one now seemed to dread the moment which should prove the impossibility also of finding it in death. The absence of hope, nay, absolute despair itself, seemed to be turning Emily to stone. She sat with her eyes fixed on the opening at the base of the rock, with her hands clasped on her knee, that jewelled bracelet flashing in the sun; and the men, as they rowed backward and forwards, watched the prismatic sparkle of those sun-lighted diamonds, and silently moralized on the insufficiency of wealth to secure happiness. The dog still sat at her feet, trembling and gazing like her into the water with a miserable knowledge of loss and death.

All at once, amid the long silence of hours, Emily uttered another cry "Oh, my husband! my husband!"

Who can tell the harrowing anguish, the crushing self-accusation, which wrung from her soul those words? And again the old silence seemed to wrap everything like a pall.

The tide was now very low; a few minutes more and the bottom of the cave, which was at some little height in the cliff, would be visible. The water was yet deep enough for the boat, and they rowed at the base of the rock, when an instantaneous movement of the boat startled every one as if with an upsetting, and the next moment the large, heavy dog was in the water, and in the cave—and almost instantly every one saw for what purpose. A projecting wall of rock ran half way across the cave, and behind this an object had lodged, the first sight of which seemed to melt every heart.

"He's got it, the good dog!" said the old fisher man, in a low voice, and the tears rolled down his weather-beaten cheeks.

Emily neither spoke nor moved. No human aid was needed—for the dog, faithful to his duty, bore the body with loving care and carried it by his strong teeth clinched in the clothes, to the boat's edge where the men received it. But Emily, as if frenzied, snatched it from them, and dripping with water, as it was, laid it on her lap, and bowing down her head over it, moaned out her sorrows which could find no other expression.

They rowed speedily away from the fatal spot; Emily, the dead child, and the dog, all, as it were, massed together, a heap of misery; and the men declared that, beyond the movement caused by the quick action of the oars, the agony which shook that bereaved mother was felt through all the timbers of the little boat.

There is no need to go through all the painful scenes which followed. Vain as was the attempt to restore animation, nothing would satisfy Emily till every means was tried which would have been used with any prospect of success. But when she was convinced that the life she loved, perhaps, even more than her own, was gone forever, and that her God, in punishing her sin, had taken from her the pride, the beauty, the joy of her life, of which she was unworthy, her own very life seemed to depart from her, and nothing remained but a trembling, guilty soul, standing powerless before him who had so heavily smitten her, to call her back to Himself. And what an awful coming to judgment even that was!

The shock which her frame had sustained prostrated her at once, and she lay as one dead for many weeks. The horror of the great darkness had indeed fallen upon her. They undressed her, took off her wet, soiled clothes, unclasped the diamond bracelet—the case of which was found a few days afterwards on the hill where, in the first terror of the shock, it had fallen and was forgotten—and there she lay, white as marble, dead to all appearance, but still living, the soul perhaps never before so much alive; and though powerless to move a limb or raise her eyelids, yet knowing all that passed around her, though unable to take part in it.

Her mother arrived at Plas Tyrion that very night, for, strange to say, she had carried home with her such a yearning, anxious love for her daughter—the necessity for constant prayer in her behalf was so painfully impressed upon her mind, whether by night or day—that she could not rest, and again packing her clothes, she set off, and reached Plas Tyrion to witness the woe that had fallen upon it.

The manner in which the sad tidings reached her husband was in this wise. He had that morning on 'Change been greatly annoyed and pained by a gentleman, towards whom he had the kindliest feelings, and to whom, indeed, he was under some obligations in his youth, accusing him of his wife's having written the satirical and almost scurrilously personal electioneering song in which he himself was ridiculed. Franklin indignantly denied the charge—threw the authorship on Wynwode, and declared it impossible that his wife should have been guilty of it. But his friend persisted in the charge, and Franklin mortified and angry, returned to his office. But the countenances of his clerks astounded him. Every man amongst them looked pale and terror-stricken, but no one had the courage to speak. Franklin was neither a timid man, nor a man to be trifled with, nor was he in a state of mind just then to bear anything patiently. He demanded what these looks meant; and every clerk went silently out, excepting two, many years his own seniors, confidential servants of his uncle, and these communicated to him the sad tidings, as they were just come by a special messenger from Plas Tyrion, of the loss of his son, and the hourly expected death of his wife, for at that time it was not believed that she would see the next day.

Forgetting everything but this affliction, he flew to Plas Tyrion, strong and undemonstrative as he naturally was, affected almost like a woman and bowed to the very earth. The danger that seemed to threaten his wife, enabled him to bear the loss of his child more calmly, and so far it was merciful.

The child had ferns and flowers still grasped in his hand when he was found, and with his stiffened fingers still enclosing them, he was buried; his father, with hands loving as those of a mother, endeavoring to fulfil all the little duties and tender charities which he believed his wife would have been so observant of had she been capable of them. Nothing, in fact, in the whole sad story was more affecting than the tenderness and pity and self-forgetfulness practised at this time by this good man. In what way she would have liked the funeral services to be performed, where she would have wished to have him laid, all was done with reference to her; and when, as day after day went on, and Emily remained in this mysterious trance-like state, no one watched her, not even her mother, with a care and assiduity superior to his. He gave up all attention to business for the time, no matter how urgent, that he might devote himself to this loving duty, and night and day he was with her. If he went out for air and exercise during the day, he walked to some of her village acquaintance, some of those for whose sake she had learned Welsh—for the whole country round loved her—and by a nod or a friendly movement of the hand conveyed the assurance that she still lived.

Wynwode, who felt the blow deeply, knew how guilty he was towards his friend, and though he remained two days at Llanfair after Franklin had been in his affliction at Plas Tyrion, he did not go near him. To Franklin this appeared strange and somewhat unfeeling, but Lady Frances assured him that Wynwode was so deeply distressed it was impossible for him to go to Plas Tyrion; they could not even persuade him to stay with them. He went to London, and would shortly set off for Turin.

No one but Mrs. Fairfield suspected the truth as regarded her daughter and Wynwode, and whilst she bowed in submission before the great Avenger who had thus reproved them, it remained the secret in her soul, known only to Him in whose sight all secrets lie open.

Emily lay in that deep, death-like trance for six weeks, watched and waited upon by loving hearts and hands that never tired—the loving hearts and hands of her husband and mother. And when at length they saw the first faint return to consciousness in her opening eyes, and the first tremulous movement of her fingers, they both fell upon their knees and returned thanks as for the most precious of blessings.

"Let all else go, so that she remain to me!" exclaimed her husband. "My Emily, my wife!" and he clasped her in his arms.

From this time she slowly recovered; but from that sick bed she rose a chastened and altered woman. She had greviously sinned, but God stretched forth his arm and saved her from perdition, and led her back through suffering and sacrifice to Himself, the regenerating Saviour, the crucified Lord, in whose blood she was purified. Oh, the unfathomable mystery of God's love!

Emily lay on her bed, or sat reading in her chair, like one risen from the dead, but as yet a burden of unacknowledged, though not unrepented sin, as regarded her husband, lay on her soul, like the weight of the sepulchre. With what an unspeakable sense of her own unworthiness was she now penetrated! How low she had fallen in her own esteem, and with what gratitude and love her altered heart now longed to ally itself to that of her husband! But his tender assiduities, his unwearied and unwearying affection never seemed to gladden her. It was distressing to her husband to see her often turn from him, hide her face on the pillow and weep bitterly—oh, so bitterly! He tried to soothe her, to heap consolation upon her, but she seemed as if she could not accept it. He wished that they should take the blessed sacrament together, hoping therefrom that peace and resignation might enter her soul, but she steadfastly refused.

At length, one dark, gloomy Sunday afternoon, towards the end of November, she sent for her husband to her chamber.

"Shut the door and bolt it," she said, in a voice so hollow and sad that it frightened him.

She was sitting in her white wrapper, whiter herself than her dress, with an expression almost of immobility in her countenance, as if her soul, nerved for some terrible effort, stood ready to meet an eternal doom.

"My husband," she said, at length, "I am the murderess of our child!"

He started, thinking that she was mad, and this the raving of her frenzy, and he tried to soothe her; said it was God's will; His inscrutable, awful will, but still in some mysterious way merciful.

She said it was so, and that God's hand had done it: but that the child was the sacrifice for her sin. And then, with a humility which was most affecting to witness, and falling on her knees, as before the great and awful Judge who had bereaved her, she confessed her sin of forgetfulness of duty towards her husband—but *forgetfulness* of duty only—wavering loyalty both to God and him—from which the terrible Hand of the Destroyer had plucked her, "a brand from the burning," but only by the sacrifice of her child! "Oh, my Saviour, my God, Thou hast taken him to bring me to Thyself!" she said, and bowed her head.

Franklin, whose feelings were all the deeper and stronger because they lay below the surface, heard this singular prayer-confession with an emotion of mingled surprise, grief and indignation, which no words could express. A gulf of sin, deceit and treachery seemed to open before him, and his whole being was shaken to the centre.

Emily knew that it must be so, and, rising from her knees, she said, with meek submission, "My Saviour knows my heart—my Saviour saw my sin, and plucked me out of it. He has taken my child, my idol, as the penalty—His will be done! But one further blow still remains," added she, in a voice yet more submissive; "I have foreseen it, and in the strength of my Saviour I shall be enabled to bear it—the loss of my husband's love—that love of which I now, for the first time, know the full value—but even here, His will, not mine, be done! I have already gone through the agony of it—I have already bowed myself under this cross at my Saviour's feet—and now, my husband! if knowing all this, you feel that you must cast me from you, I will not murmur, I will not think hardly of you; I will accept it as God's will regarding me—and submit."

She sat down, overcome by the effort, but her husband did not, as hitherto, rush forward to support her head, to raise the pillows and arrange everything for her comfort; neither did he utter a reproach either against her or his false friend. He sat as one stupefied, with his head bowed down, and a burden, heavier than that of old age, laid upon him. Emily looked at him, and saw, with an aching agony of love, how her confession had ploughed, as it were, furrows into his cheeks and brow. He sat thus immovable for some time, then slowly rising, said, in a voice of deep sorrow,

"I was altogether unprepared for this. I must have time for reflection. This is indeed the most terrible blow which has yet fallen upon me!"

And without even looking at her he left the room.

Emily, who in her long communings with her own soul, had stood face to face with her sin and its fatal consequences, was prepared, through the sustaining strength of Him who forgave the repentant Magdalene, and uttered no condemnation against the sinful woman whom the world would have stoned, for whatever consequences followed this confession, and though now naturally agitated and distressed by witnessing the fruits of her sin, she turned only to the Saviour, and submissively waited His time and His will; knowing that He would assuredly complete the work which He had begun, and in whatever way He might complete it, she only prayed for strength to say, Thy will be done.

Franklin left Plas Tyrion at once, and the household supposing that business had called him thence, no surprise was excited. Her mother, however, divined the truth, but said nothing, unwilling even by an increase of sympathizing and pitying love to give the slightest suggestion of this kind to her daughter. But she prayed still more fervently, and, like Emily herself, left all in the Saviour's hands with submissive trust.

One anxiety was spared Emily, which to many minds under such circumstances would have been a cause of great apprehension. She knew that her husband regarded duels as the worst possible mode of adjusting even the deadliest quarrels, therefore, unless the unimagined position in which he found himself, could transport him beyond himself and reverse the principles of his life, it was not probable that he would resort to such means. Still a vague fear occupied her mind. What his course really would be she could not tell; and she endeavored not even to conjecture, living from hour to hour in a state of prayerful waiting, merely asking that the Saviour God, in whose hand were all hearts, would benignly influence him, and bring him through this affliction to Himself.

We will not follow Franklin. It is enough to say that he neither returned home nor contemplated a duel with Wynwode. He walked for two days as in a frightful dream, and then taking up his quarters in a solitary public house, among the mountains, sat down, as if to awake and take the measure of this great grief.

Surely his wife's prayers were answered, and the Saviour touching his hard heart softened it; and anointing his blinded eyes, as regarded himself and others, he came to see, and feel, and understand, as he had never done before.

The solitude, the quietness of the place were good for him. Here he could weep, no human eye seeing his tears. Here he could pray, he who had hitherto been so immersed in the business of the world and the acquisition of the world's wealth, that he had had no time for prayer; and while he condemned others, the Holy Spirit influencing his spirit, pointed out to him his own short-comings, his own pride, his own disregard of mercies, his own sins, according to his own temptations, and just and upright as was his natural character, the Divine Grace clothed it with a forgiving spirit, even as he prayed to be himself forgiven; clothed it with humility and submission, so that he, too, could say in truth, Thy will be done!

The following Sunday, therefore, he returned to Plas Tyrion, an altered man.

And as in the days of the early Apostolic church, whilst the blessed Saviour was yet seen on earth, before his ascension, he especially chose the first day of the week, thence called, emphatically, the Lord's Day, for the time of his appearance among his disciples, so now, if it be not desecration, we may use the beautiful words of the beloved Evangelist John, with slight alteration, and say:

"And after eight days, again the repentant woman sat in her chamber in white attire, and her husband with her; then came Jesus, the door being shut, and stood in the midst, and said, 'Peace be unto you!'"

[THE ED.]

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1859.

TERMS.

The subscription price of THE POST is $2 a year in advance—served in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number. For $5, in advance, one copy is sent three years—or four copies sent to one direction for one year.

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States Postage.

THE POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

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TO CHANCE READERS.

For the information of chance readers, we may state that among the contributors to THE POST, are

G. P. R. James, Esq., author of Richelieu, Old Dominion, &c.	Mary Howitt.
	Grace Greenwood.
	Florence Percy.
T. S. Arthur.	Martha Russell.
Emma Alice Browne.	Mrs. M. A. Denison.
Author of "Letters from Paris."	Author of "My Last Cruise."
Author of "The Scout."	Author of "The Ebony Casket," &c., &c.

The productions of many other writers of great celebrity are also yearly published, from the English and other periodicals, giving thus to our readers the very best productions of the very best minds, either as written for THE POST, or as fresh selections—which course insures a greater variety and brilliancy of contents, than could possibly be attained in any other way.

In addition to this Literary matter, we also furnish weekly, Agricultural Articles, Useful Receipts, the Foreign and Domestic News, the Markets, &c., &c., &c.

DOCTOR CHARLES.

There are two capital reasons, among several thousand, for the fact that a great many people all through the country have a kindly regard for Philadelphia. In the first place, Philadelphia, like every other great city, has its natural throne in the thoughts of men, who turn to it as other men turn to New York or Baltimore, New Orleans or Boston. In the second place, we sit here, and from hence survey our constituency. Every week we look abroad over the thick-millioned concourse of American life, and see, dotting the vast crowd, thousands of people busily reading copies of the POST. Every week, closing our eyes, we hear, like Fine-ear, in the fairy tale, multitudinous rustlings swarming up from far and near, from mountain and prairie, city and town, all over the land—the rustlings of the POST as it is opened by eager multitudes. All those people think of us, and as our easy-chair is centered here, so of course all those people have a tender regard for Philadelphia.

It follows, therefore, that all those people will hear with lively indignation that Doctor Charles Mackay does not like Philadelphia. He said so some months since in a letter he wrote home to the London *Illustrated News*, and he has just printed that letter again in a book recording his impressions of this country, which has been published in England. The explanation is that in the other cities Doctor Charles was feted and flattered, and his lectures attended to an extent which put money in his purse, while in Philadelphia nobody happened to go to the lectures, which were certainly not brilliant, and nobody paid any attention to Doctor Charles, other than the attention those paid him to whom he brought letters of introduction.

This state of circumstances was, it will be seen, sad, and Doctor Charles has recorded his fixed convictions to that effect, by publishing his book with the disparaging letter in it respecting Philadelphia.

The weather is warm. Let us keep cool. If we had the heart to wish with the Psalmist, we should have our wish. Our enemy has written a book, and Mackay's necessity would be Philadelphia's opportunity, if we chose to have it so. Doctor Charles having said he does not like us, we could say, if we wanted to, that we don't like Doctor Charles, and so we should be quits.

But it takes two to make a quarrel, and Philadelphia can survey with bland good-nature and serene superiority, the little pique of Doctor Charles. Once upon a time a cunning giant plotted to destroy Thor. Thor was asleep, and the giant having plucked up an enormous oak-tree for a club, stealthily drew nigh, and brought it down again and again with fearful force upon the visage of Thor. "Dear me," murmured Thor, waking up and yawning languidly, "those troublesome flies bit me on the face just now."

The moral is obvious: Thor had a thick cuticle. Philadelphia too, without claiming the hide of a rhinoceros, has no tenderness of the epidermis. Then, beside, though Philadelphia might stand for the strong god Thor, Doctor Charles could hardly be likened to a giant—that is, unless the giant was a very small one.

But—comfort on comfort's head accumulate!—Philadelphia has, in the matter in hand, a friend at court. There is a critic who reviews Doctor Charles's book in the London *Athenæum*, and who proves that he knows us better than the Doctor. Here is his remark:—

"The rectangular streets and respectable inhabitants of Philadelphia find no favor in Dr. Mackay's eyes, and he describes both with considerable injustice. Strangely enough, Dr. Mackay is silent respecting the Art institutions of Philadelphia, though he enumerates the clubs and artists of New York."

As the venerable phrase has it, comment is unnecessary. No doubt it is to Mr. Hepworth Dixon, the able defender of William Penn against the calumnies of Macaulay, that we owe the remark in the *Athenæum*, which cuts so cleanly into the core of Doctor Charles's crab-apple.

Doctor Charles may consider himself our enemy, but we, being, as everybody knows, the Quaker city, can still consider ourself his Friend! Smiles of ineffable serenity light the bland visage of Philadelphia, as he sits between his broad silver rivers, and, remembering Doctor Charles's silence respecting the art-institutions, remembers how many pretty and useful toys of that kind, and of other kinds, have come from the ample pockets of the drab-coat. Academy of the Fine Arts, School of Design, Medical Colleges, pictures by Sully, Weber, Hamilton, Rothermel, Neagle, and many more, Girard College, Fairmount Water Works, United States Mint, the Markets, the multitude of cheap and commodious dwellings that make it possible for the poor to live at ease,—there are only a few of the toys the pockets of the drab-coat has yielded and still yields. Doctor Charles forgets to remember these. But let us remember that when he studied Philadelphia, he wore spectacles fashioned out of two of the half-dollars he didn't make here by his lectures!

OUR CITY RAILROADS.

The change in the appearance of Philadelphia within the last year, owing to the laying of so many city railroads, must strike strangers very palpably. There are now eleven roads in this city, whose tracks, if extended in a single straight line, would reach from here to New York, or about a hundred miles—upon which roads three hundred cars are employed, and a thousand horses. And more roads are being built, extending far into the rural districts adjoining. Thus two lines of track are being constructed upon the Germantown turnpike to the upper part of Germantown; and two upon the Ridge turnpike to Manayunk. To give an idea of the money taken by these city roads, we may state that their joint receipts on the 4th of July were $8,787, being the passage money, at five cents, of 175,740 people. Quite a considerable amount of travel, it strikes us, for the streets of our "insignificant inland village."

Apropos to this subject, we may give a little hint to the enterprising gentlemen interested in the proposed plank road railroad to Germantown. It seems to us that these plank road gentlemen are on the wrong track entirely. Germantown has supported its one railroad—the steam-power one, with horse-power ideas—heretofore, very liberally. Germantown may, *perhaps*, also support an additional horse railroad on the turnpike. But a third railroad really seems too much of one good thing, while it is depriving the community of another equally good thing—we mean a road for vehicles. It seems to us that now, when the turnpike is about to be encumbered with its two railway tracks, is just the time to repair the plank road, or turn it into a first-rate turnpike. If the plank road could be extended so as to tap the turnpike about Mount Airy, or even Chestnut Hill, and made a first-rate road for vehicles, it would probably take a very large, if not the largest portion of the travel. To further this object, Chelten Avenue and Washington Lane should also be turnpiked between the Germantown pike and the plank road. And if a branch road could be made to tap the Ridge pike also—the Ridge being now likewise encumbered with the rails—a large business might be added from that quarter. But to build a railroad on the plank road, just at the time when the latter is about to come in request as an unencumbered road for vehicles, seems to us like throwing away the substance to grasp at the shadow. This advice may be taken by the gentlemen interested for what it is worth; our only object in offering it is to save the money of some very enterprising and estimable citizens, and preserve to the carriage and wagon-driving public a place to make their wheel-marks in, without the worriment of a perpetual grind, to say nothing of the danger of an occasional "smash."

QUESTIONS, ANSWERS, &c.

YOUNG SAMPSON is the signature of a correspondent who says he is tolerably strong already, but wants to know how he can become stronger. How, but by sedulously pursuing a course of gymnastic exercise? It is important, however, to proceed gradually, and never to attempt too much. We have known pupils leave a gymnasium weaker than when they entered it, on account of the violence of their exercise. The strength must be gradually increased, and by the performance of tasks which do not overstrain the muscles. Dr. Winship, the Boston "strong man," gives it as a rule of primary importance, always to leave off exercise before fatigue comes on. Another cardinal rule is to adopt a course of exercise which calls into action *all* the muscles of the body, for an undue development of any particular part or parts of the body, to the neglect of the others, is not only destructive of physical symmetry, but is said to induce disease. There are books which set forth a scientific scheme of gymnastics—one by the celebrated Swedish professor, Ling, which may have been translated, though we have never seen it. There is a treatise on Calisthenics, or gymnastics for girls, by Miss Catherine Beecher, which is founded, we believe, on Ling's system. Ling seems to have carried into practice a precept of Lord Bacon's, who says there is no disease that may not be cured by a judicious course of gymnastic exercise, and Ling professed to cure disease by his system. There is no doubt that an equal exercise of the whole body, so conducted as to preserve or develope the symmetrical proportions of all its members, is of cardinal importance in gymnastics. The old art of fencing with the rapier, now falling into disuse, is one of the best arts of exercise we know. Its advantages are well set forth by a poet:

"Would'st have thy son acquire a graceful port,
A manly bearing, make his eye acute
As that of the wild hawk, and his limbs to vie
With the wild roe-buck's in agility—
The noble art of fencing let him learn."

Fencing is a good exercise, because it calls into activity the whole muscular system, and the mind as well. It tasks strength, endurance and agility. We can hardly think of any exercise that does this so completely. Boxing is nothing to it, though boxing is good, apart from the brutality of it and its associations, and the temptation it gives to pugnacity at the expense of prudence. But our correspondent will do well to get some good work on gymnastics, and follow out its instructions. The impulses now given to the subject of physical education—surely a subject of great importance—will, we trust, make such books more popular and accessible than they now are.

A CORRESPONDENT who has noticed with natural amazement the shape the female form divine assumes in the fashion-plates of the ladies' magazines, writes to know if many of our ladies "dress like that," and if so, "what sort of an appearance they present when a number of them get together in a public square?" Answering the last question first, we avow that, supposing our ladies did so dress, they would, to use a time-honored form of language, present an appearance more easily imagined than described; but fortunately we are enabled to assure our correspondent that no ladies as yet have been guilty of the fatuity of deforming themselves on the model of the fashion-plates. The purpose of those fearful pictures is far other than is commonly supposed. They constituted, in Baconian phrase, "a table of rejection," or to put it more plainly, they afford negative instruction to all students of costume, for as they exemplify in themselves all that a truly tasteful person will wish to avoid, they may safely be consulted by any lady who desires to know what she shall *not* wear. They may also be supposed to serve a moral purpose, by warning the fair devotees of dress against falsehood to the ideal.—"My son," said a grave Mussulman in his graceful flowing robes, addressing the juvenile Turk by his side, who had paused to look with curiosity and horror at a French exquisite, arrayed in the very height of European fashion and proudly parading the streets of Stamboul—"my son, if you ever disobey Allah and the Prophet, you may come to look like *that*." So with the fashion-plates. As the French fop to the solemn Turk and his son, so they to the modish fair; and their silent speech wakes Delphic echoes in the feminine soul which say—"If you ever shut your eyes on taste and follow fashion, you may come to look like *that*!"

LOVE AND DEATH.

What time the mighty moon was gathering light
Love paced the thymy plats of Paradise,
And all about him rolled his lustrous eyes;
When turning round a cassia, full in view
Death, walking all alone beneath a yew,
And talking to himself, first met his sight;
"You must be gone," said Death, "these walks are mine!"
Love wept and spread his sheeny vans for flight;
Yet ere he parted, said, "This hour is thine;
Thou art the shadow of life, and as the tree
Stands in the sun and shadows all beneath,
So in the light of great eternity
Life eminent creates the shade of death;
The shadow passeth when the tree doth fall,
But I shall reign for ever over all."

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

☞ It is from pride, rather than from defect of intelligence, that men obstinately refuse to recognize the most generally received opinions; they find the first seats engaged, and they will not put up with the last.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

☞ When Bishop Leighton was one day lost meditation in his own sequestered walk, at in Dumblane, a fair young widow came up to him, and told him it was ordered that he should marry her; for she had dreamed thrice that she was married to him. "Very well," replied the Bishop, "whenever I shall dream thrice that I am married to you, I will let you know, and we will be married immediately."—*Mrs. Grant's Letters.*

GEORGE says, with looks of high disdain,
My wit is borrowed. Ah, 'tis true;
But why, oh, selfish George, complain?
None ever borrowed wit from you.

☞ THE HEIGHT OF COOLNESS.—The top of Mont Blanc.

☞ Women and young men are very apt to tell what secrets they know, from the vanity of having been trusted.—*Chesterfield.*

☞ The taste of beauty and the relish of what is decent, just and amiable, perfects the character of the gentleman.—*Shaftesbury.*

But that which issues from the heart alone
Will bend the hearts of others to your own.

—*Goethe.*

☞ There is a man in Connecticut who has such a hatred for everything appertaining to monarchy that he won't wear a crown to his hat.

☞ "One word more, and I have done." How we dread to hear this sentence from the lips of a speaker at a public meeting. It is always a sure indication that he is bracing for a fresh start.

☞ I said once in a book, speaking of the Whig and Tory wars, that in a portrait which had been engraved of me, I was made to "look like a man who had stolen a tankard." This remark, either by a process resembling the story of the "Three Black Crows," or in consequence of that kind of dullness, willing or unwilling, which occasions an auditor to seize only portions of what he hears, led a critic to say that he had "heard a good deal against Leigh Hunt, but never that he had actually stolen a tankard."—*Leigh Hunt, in the Spectator.*

☞ The mind has a certain vegetative power, which cannot be wholly idle. If it is not laid out and cultivated into a beautiful garden, it will of itself shoot up in weeds or flowers of a wild growth.—*Addison.*

☞ Serene nights are called *the music of the heavens;* for the clamorous noises of the day are stilled, and in the peace which covers all things, the eyes are refreshed by the sight of that admirable harmony, and a mysterious influence enters into the heart, tranquilizing and purifying its every emotion.—*Luis de Leon.*

☞ It is said that a great drunkard once complained—"They tell me wine gives strength! And yet I who have just drunk three bottles cannot keep myself on my legs!"

CHEESE MAKING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Mr. Editor: A writer for a New York paper has recently said that the secret of cheese-making is not generally understood, as it should be, throughout the dairying part of the community; and as a natural consequence a large amount of second-rate and poor cheese finds its way to the Eastern markets. In the town of Fabius, Onondaga county, is manufactured cheese that is probably surpassed in quality by none in the United States, if we except the "English" imitation. In years gone by, the cheese produced in the counties bordering on the Hudson river, conspicuous among which are Herkimer and Orange, sustained a high preference in the great cheese-consuming cities; but that distinction is recognized no longer, and is known only as a thing of the past. It is true, we have superior advantages of soil, climate and water, and these, with the increasing knowledge, interest and competition in this department by our dairymen have given their cheese product an equal footing, in trade, with the best in the land. And, with the view of reciprocating information on this subject, I will give the process by which these are made, stating first, however, that there are two modes for cooking the curd—one by the aid of steam—the other by the use of the ordinary dairy stove; both of which have their merits and demerits, which I will not now attempt to discuss. Eastern dealers prefer cheese made by the latter plan; a majority of our best dairymen adopt it, and of their mode I shall write.

The calf, not having been fed for some twelve to eighteen hours previous, is killed at four days old, if in a healthy condition—if, not, it lives till it is—and from its stomach, which is then nearly or quite empty, the rennet is prepared, by putting into it one pint of salt; the ends are then firmly tied with twine, and it is hung in some warm, dry place, until dried through. It is then hung in a cool, dry dark place, until wanted for use, at which time one for every twenty cows is cut open, put into a closely covered jar, with two quarts of cold water for each rennet, and set in a cool place for three days, when they are ready for the milk. As the liquid is used out, more water is added, with salt occasionally, to preserve it from tainting. In the heat of summer a few whole cloves and slices of lemon are thrown into each lot for the same purpose; they also add to its efficiency for coagulating milk. One rennet so prepared and properly used will curdle the milk for five hundred pounds of cheese.

The cows are milked at five o'clock, night and morning, thereby dividing the time equally between the milkings. The milk at night is emptied into a tub, standing on a firm and solid floor, so that it shall not be set in motion by shakes and jars, and a sufficient quantity of the rennet solution is stirred in to curdle it to the consistency of loppered milk in twenty-five or thirty minutes. It is then cut with a two edged knife or curd-cutter into square columns one-half inch across. A mistake is often made by letting the curd become too hard before this cutting, and the result is not only a loss in the time for making the cheese, but in its quantity. When cut early, it settles soon, emitting whey of a pale green color, and clear. Cutting later, when the curd has become quite firm and unyielding, tears away and loosens many of the minute particles, by bruising and friction. The whey has also, by this procrastination, become more substantially encased; it does not so readily escape; where it does, it is white and milky. The curd settles and hardens one hour after cutting, when it is dipped into a sink, with a rack bottom, over which is spread a thin cotton cloth strainer, through which most of the whey soon drains. The curd is then cut from side to side, and turned over with a knife, to liberate as much of the whey as possible. In hot weather this is done thoroughly. It is then cooled by drenching with cold water or ice, to prevent souring. All haste is avoided during this operation, and care is had to not mash or bruise the curd. After tying over with the corners of the straining cloth, it is left draining on the rack till morning, exposed to a current of pure, cool air as much as may be.

The milk is dealt with in the same manner in the morning as at night, until it has stood one hour after cutting into the half-inch square columns. A strainer is then thrown over it, and as much of the whey as can be, without too hard pressing on the curd below, is dipped into a tin boiler, which is stationed in a kettle of boiling water over the stove. Here it soon heats, without danger of being burned and communicating a scorched flavor to the cheese. When this whey reaches a temperature of 150 to 200 degrees, it is slowly returned to the curd, until the temperature in the tub reaches 100 degrees, Fah. In the time of returning the hot whey, the whole mass in the tub is often and carefully stirred, that it may be equally heated throughout, and at or soon before the time of reaching the maximum heat, and while yet quite soft, the curd is cut with a short, two-edged knife, into particles fine as kernels of corn, that every pore may be opened, and the whey allowed to pass off. The heat is maintained at the 100 degrees until the curd is as hard and dry as that which has stood on the rack from the previous night, when this night's curd, (which has, during the morning, been cut into about half-inch square blocks, as nearly of equal size as possible,) is placed in the tub with it, and the whole brought to the temperature of 90 degrees. It is thought this temperature gives a better flavor to cheese than a higher one; besides, if raised much higher, the rich, buttery particles, in considerable quantities, leave the old curd, and float on the whey. There is a consequent injury to the quality and diminution of the quantity of the cheese. At said 90 degrees, the temperature of the curd remains until it is done. Here, again, no given time can be stated. Rennets differ in their action; two curds are seldom found in the same condition: a sour one is sooner scalded than one that is sweet; the state of the atmosphere has much to do with it; a south wind closes the work sooner than one from the opposite course. Still there are unerring guides, to one skilled in the business, showing when the curd is cooked enough; it becomes hard and elastic, and appears shrunken; has a sharp squeak when pressed by the hands or teeth; has a lustre that shines like glass, after salting; after eight hours' pressing, in the hoop, the pores at the bottom of the cheese will be closed up; when taken from the press, it is nearly dry, and whey will not run from it afterward, except at times when the cows have eaten large quantities of salt; and, finally, it will receive and retain the grease and coloring matter that is placed on its surface thereafter, while, if not sufficiently cooked, these will wash and fade away.

When the curd answers these requirements, the whole is dipped unto the strainer-covered rack, and stirred till the whey is nearly gone; but while, yet hot, that it may take better effect in driving out the whey, and hardening the curd, two and a half pounds dry, fine Onondaga salt are stirred in for one hundred pounds curd, (weight of the latter estimated at what it will be after pressing.) All the lumps are worked fine, and the salt stirred thoroughly through the mass. In cool weather it is then put in the hoop for pressing—in hot weather it remains on the rack until cool, to prevent a continuation of warmth and consequent fermenting, souring and strong flavor in the cheese.

In warm weather the curd stands in the hoop an hour before pressing, giving time for the separate particles to consolidate and contract, and the smaller ones to adhere to the mass, while the salt will penetrate every pore. Hasty pressing drives off many of the small and rich particles and much of the salt with the whey. In cold weather this cannot be avoided. A little extra salt is allowed, and the weight applied soon after the hoop receives the curd; otherwise the curd soon becomes so firm and stiff as not to yield to the pressure, turning out a rough, porous and bulky cheese. It is usually in the press by eleven o'clock, A. M. It is turned in the evening, and receives the bandage. This is made of thin cotton cloth, and the right size to fit the circumference of the cheese, allowing one and a half inches to lap top and bottom. These laps are drawn and fastened firmly to the surface by twine, run around the two edges. The pressing fills the interstices of the cloth with the substance of the cheese, which not only gives it thereafter a smooth surface, but prevents mould from accumulating within the bandage. The moisture in escaping to the surface must pass through the bandage, where, if mould is generated, it is easily brushed away. The bandage being on, with small cloths above and above, the weight is again applied with increased power till the ensuing morning.

Now the cheese is placed in the store or curing house—a well shaded, roomy building, isolated from all others, and in which draughts of air and light are admitted or excluded at will. Here the top of the cheese is immediately rubbed over with whey butter, colored with annatto to a bright red. On the next morning it is turned, and the opposite surface, as well as the bandaged part greased in like manner, the grease being applied as hot as the hand can bear. For the ensuing week it is turned and greased daily, thenceforward on alternative days until cured. Each operation is accompanied with a smart rubbing by the hands, giving the surface a tough and leathery aspect, and preventing cracks. This rubbing, with the pressing on of the bandage, and the colored coat give the cheese a rich, golden and polished surface. To preserve the beauty of the color, as well as to prevent the congregation of flies, the room is kept perfectly dark, except where light is necessary to the labor bestowed in it. In the heat of the season cool air is admitted through trap doors in the flooring. The mould that generates on the surface in sultry weather is removed by the use of sweet whey, instead of grease, as too much of that fries out of the cheese at such times. The use of lay is also objectionable as it creates a sticky, soapy surface.

The foregoing process for the making and care of cheese is not followed, of course, strictly by all of our first class dairymen; many of them differ in the less essential particulars, and one will alter his practice from season to season, but the programme is in the main correct. All hold that uncompromising cleanliness is an indispensable requisite to success in this branch of business. Not only must all the utensils be clean, but the air in which cheese is made, must be pure and free from all offensive stenches. The delicate nature of curd is such that it imbibes the flavor arising from any putrescent matter in its vicinity; cesspools, sour milk or whey, putrid meat, buttermilk, all impart to it their characteristic, volatile qualities. During rains, south winds, and all times when the air is charged with electricity, the utmost attention is required to preserve it in a sweet condition.

I will add what I consider to be the three prominent errors in the manufacture of cheese which cause the inferior cheese found in our markets. The first, and the one of greatest, magnitude is a lack of cooking. Some cheese makers hurry the curd into the press for the double purpose of getting it out of the way and having a large cheese. The ordinary result is, a soft, leaky, porous (and often) sour and worthless cheese; and, as is often the case, with the vain hope of correcting this error, and giving the cheese more stability, the second is committed, that of salting too high; and in all cases the recompense is a dry, hard cheese, destitute of that rich, melting taste, so generally admired; cheese otherwise well made, are often treated in the same way, and with the same result, except that the latter have a better flavor. The third error, is neglect in allowing the curd to sour, either from delay in making up, or the filthy condition in which the dairy utensils are kept. Whenever this occurs, there is a great draft on the richest ingredients of the cheese; the oily, buttery parts are detached and float away; the cheese is strong, hard, and crumbly. Some, to counteract this defect, omit to cook, or salt, or both, sufficiently, in which case the cheese leaks, becomes slimy, emitting unwholesome odors, and often rots. There are still many other causes for these defective cheeses. One I will name, and that perhaps covers the whole ground; too many try to make cheese without knowing how. They are too ignorant of their own interests, or too penurious, to spend a few weeks in learning with some one who "had the trade"—they make a lot of poor cheese—and "pay dear for the whistle."

Yours, FARMER.

Fabius, June 20, 1859.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

UNWELCOME CAPRICES—A DELICATE COMPLIMENT—WAITING FOR NEWS—AN INCREASING CROWN—BETWEEN TWO FIRES—REJOICINGS OVER BABIES—THE TWO UNCLES—PRINCESSES IN A SCRAPE.

Paris, June 23, 1859.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

A more capricious, cloudy, rainy, and generally ill-behaved month of June than the present is not on record. Scarcely a day passes but we go through as many vicissitudes of heat, cold, damp, sunshine, and heavy showers, as would serve for the proverbial fickleness of April, and the equally proverbial ill-temper of May. We know not, on going out, what sort of garments to put on, or whether umbrellas or parasols will most be needed. The Sunday pic-nic-ings of the mass of the people are sadly interfered with, and we have a vast deal too much water in our strawberries.

Little is going on in this city for the moment, as all who can get away from it are off to the country. The Empress and every one else are busy making lint; and Count de Montalembert whose counsel on his late trial—M. M. Berryer and Dufaure, two of the most eminent of the Paris lawyers—refused to accept any fee from him, has presented to the former a silver statuette of Demosthenes, and to the latter a similar one of Aristides, reduced from the models in the Naples museum. Both statuettes bear appropriate Latin inscriptions.

We are still listening for the boom of the cannon of the Invalides which may, at any moment, give us news of the great victory, which we suppose, may be even now being won by the allies on the Mincio, and which, though it may not decide the questions now pending in Italy, will undoubtedly do much towards clearing up various doubtful matters. The utterly unimportant nature of the telegraphic despatches received from the seat of war for the last week, is regarded here as a sure symptom that something is going on which it is not expedient to make known beforehand.

Meantime, the Austrian army has retreated in three columns, the first, second and third corps, and part of the seventh in the centre, protected by the rest of the seventh and the eighth on the right flank, and by the fifth, joined at Codogno by the ninth on the left flank. The sixth corps is at Verona; and the eleventh at Mantua; while the division of Gen. Urban is on the extreme right, holding Treviglio and Bergamo. The Austrians are therefore nearly in the position which it is evident they have chosen for the great struggle; viz.: within the formidable triangle formed by Padua, Mantua and Peschiera. The very hugeness of the Austrian army, which, on the move, with its trains, baggage-wagons, &c., occupies fully one hundred and twenty miles of road, seems to be almost a source of weakness. Austria has hitherto relied less on the perfection of her individual soldiers, than on the weight and bulk of her army as a whole. She enlists a peasant boy nominally for eight years, but sends him home after two years' drill, not to be called on again for service, except in case of war. Even in the artillery two-thirds of the men have had but a couple of years' training. It is not surprising that soldiers so ill-seasoned should prove unable to stand the bayonets of the French, with their natural love of fighting, and their long and perfect training in the art of war. It is clear that there must have been frequent changes of council in the Austrian camp, since the campaign began. At first, Austria appeared resolved to act only on the defensive; then, came the summons and threat of invasion to Piedmont, a menace which was not carried out from deference to Great Britain; then, a defensive position was taken in the Lomellina, and abandoned without any serious effort; then, the troops crossed the Ticino, in so scattered a manner that it is hard to guess what the object of that move could have been; next day battle was accepted; after that, Pavia was re-occupied, then, came the backward movement which has taken the army into the famous triangle; and what is coming next, time must show us.

The Austrian officers and the whole army are said to be furious, and lay the blame of past disaster on Gen. Gyulai. The Lancers have torn their flags from their lances, the Jagers the flowers from their hats, which it is their custom to wear in war. The indiscreet give vent to their feelings in words, the more prudent twirl their moustaches by the hour together; all, it is said, being sternly resolved to wipe out the disgraces of the campaign under Gen. Schlick, the new Commander-in-Chief of the Austrian forces. Gen. Schlick is also Count de Barrano and Weisskirch, Aulic Councillor and Chamberlin to the Emperor Francis Joseph. He was born in 1789, at Prague. He entered the army in 1808, and has been in all the battles of Austria, since that date, and lost an eye at the battle of Wachau. He figured in the Hungarian revolution of 1848, commanded the first and fourth corps d'armee in Gallicia in 1854, and is exceedingly popular in the Austrian army.

It is rumored that Prussia has addressed to France and Austria a proposition to make a peace based on the acceptance of the line of the Mincio as the boundary of the Austrian dominions; rumor adding that the Emperor Louis Napoleon is not indisposed to accept this arrangement, but that Austria, whose real force is on the Mincio, refuses to make any cession of territory while her real line of defence remains intact, and her military strength unimpaired. Not much credence is attached here to this report; the general opinion being that Louis Napoleon is no more disposed to moderation than his imperial opponent.

The allied army, which has been following the Austrians across the Oglio and the Adda, occupied, on the 21st, the positions of Lonato, Castiglione and Montechiaro, which the Austrians had just abandoned. It seems impossible that the rival armies can be many hours longer so close to each other without the expected engagement taking place. All manner of rumors are of course abroad respecting the bases of the new settlement of Northern Italy; but all are evidently premature.

In Milan, Parma, and the other Lombard towns that have declared for Victor Emmanuel, the government is now carried on in the name of that sovereign. At Modena, the convents of Jesuits have been suppressed, as in Sardinia, and all members of that order, not born in the duchy, are ordered to quit the State. But the idea of revolutionizing the States of the Church having been disavowed by the French Emperor, Bologna, Ancona, and the other Roman towns which have thrown off alike the Austrian yoke, and that of the Cardinals whose policy is believed to be identical with that of Austria, are in a very disagreeable position. Taking the proclamations and incitements of the allies to heart, they rose, as the Lombard towns have done, on the retreat of the Austrians, have instituted provisional governments with the greatest unanimity and concord, and have taken down the Papal flags, and hoisted those of Sardinia, sending deputations to offer their allegiance to Victor Emmanuel. According to one version, these deputies have been harshly reprimanded by Louis Napoleon, and advised, in no very courteous terms, to "go home, and learn to obey their rightful sovereign, whose power the allied armies are not come to weaken, but to consolidate." According to a second version, Count Cavour, though stating that the King, his master, declined to accept their proffered allegiance, he would send them a provisional commissioner, and promise to take them under his protection." In fact, the future policy of the allied sovereigns in Italy is still a mystery to the rest of the world; perhaps it is not yet clearly foreseen by themselves; and to-day it is even stated that they have determined, on second thoughts, and despite the virtual annexation of Lombardy to Piedmont already accomplished, to make no territorial changes in Italy until after the close of the war.

It being the custom on the Continent to bestow rewards on those who have distinguished themselves in a campaign, while the war is still going on, Victor Emmanuel is emulating his ally in bestowing marks of his favor on the brave men under his command, and the Piedmontese Gazette publishes a list of recompenses awarded by him to the third regiment of Zouaves, who distinguished themselves so much at Palestro. Colonel de Chabron, their commander, has been named Commander of the Military Order of Savoy, several other officers being named to inferior ranks in the same order; they have also received the gold medal for military valor, and many of the sub officers and privates have received the silver medal.

A certain number of the Austrian prisoners are to be sent to Algeria, where they will be admitted, on parole, to take part in the various civil labors of road-making, cultivating the ground, &c., in which the French troops are employed in that colony, thus leading a more healthful life, and also getting paid for their work. It is thought that many of them will probably end by settling in the country. It is asserted by all the French papers, and is probably true, that the Austrian prisoners are astonished at the kind and generous treatment they receive at the hands of the French. I might fill this letter with incidents which would seem to show that the Austrians have gained much by being thrown into French hands.

The French fleet outside Venice has not begun hostilities, but its presence is taking effect none the less on the people of that city. On the 15th, assemblages of a seditious character took place, the city being full of rumors that a truce had been concluded between the belligerents, and that Venice was to be given up, within three days, to the allies, excited by which reports, the people had begun to put the tri-colored cockade on their hats, and to hoot the Austrian soldiers and police. The troops interfered; two of the popular leaders were killed, and others wounded. Arrests were also made, and the circulation in the Square of St. Mark was interdicted. The *Milan Gazette* states that, on the 6th, the authorities ordered the city to illuminate for the *victory of Magenta*; an order which threw the Venetians into the utmost consternation, until they perceived that the French fleet was illuminated, when they began to see the mistake, and took heart again.

As you may remember, in the beginning of the battle of Magenta, the fortunes of the day seemed to be in favor of Austria; and we now learn by a Turin letter, in the *Salut Public*, of Lyons, that the Emperor Francis Joseph, still at Verona, was so firmly convinced that the French would be defeated in crossing the Ticino that he had made preparations for a triumphal entry into Milan. On the 4th, in the morning, when the battle commenced, orders were given to the directors of the railways to suspend the passengers' and goods' trains, and to prepare the imperial carriages. The orders were obeyed. Despatches continued to arrive stating that all was going well for the Austrians. The Emperor had fixed the hour for going to Milan. At the appointed time, the persons of his suite took their places in the carriages, but still the Emperor did not come. Several messages were sent to him to announce that all was ready; but no answer came. Telegraphic despatches arrived from Milan, praying that ammunition might be sent without delay. Hours passed away in great anxiety. The imperial suite remained in the carriages, impatiently awaiting the order to leave; but the Emperor would admit no one to his presence except the employes of the telegraph, who were constantly bringing him despatches. At last arrived the despatch announcing the defeat of the Austrian army. The departure was then countermanded, and the Emperor, returning to his quarters, took off his holiday attire.

Great anxiety is naturally felt here at the mobilization of the Prussian army; as all hope of localizing the war will be at an end if Germany should take part with Austria in defence of her "Italian possessions." The fact that M. Louis Kossuth, ex-dictator of Hungary, has just passed through this city on his way to his native land, where he will co-operate with Klapka in the endeavor to revolutionise Hungary, having, it is said, been admitted to an interview with the Emperor Napoleon on his passage through Italy, is also regarded as a symptom that the war may be soon extended into the non-Italian provinces of Austria.

In the war-fever that has seized on the German mind, the principal bankers of Germany are hard beset just now by the different governments, all anxious to obtain loans for the defrayment of their armaments. Bavaria, Hanover, Wurtemberg, Electoral Hesse, Grand-ducal Hesse, and many third-class States, are making most seductive offers to the holders of money. But since Prussia has decided on mobilizing a great part of her army, the Saxon capitalists, instead of making advances, are endeavoring to realize the securities. The Prussian is at a discount of 3 per cent., and Hanover is in such a state of embarrassment that the Minister of Finance has proposed to employ the capital of the sinking fund of the public debt for the expenses of the State. But the Treasury Council refused their consent to this plan, on the ground that the engagements of the State towards its creditors must be respected, even in time of war.

In the midst of the universal and not agreeable excitement caused by the war, it is really pleasant to see people so much interested in another way as have been the people of Belgium in the happy *accouchement* of the young wife of the heir apparent. The rejoicings of the Belgians in general at this auspicious event, and of the people of Hainault in particular at the King's having granted their prayer that the royal infant may bear the title of Count de Hainault, in honor of the recent incorporation of that province into the Belgium kingdom, are, however, coming to an end. The arrival of this child seems to have created almost as much satisfaction among the Belgians as did that of the little grandson of Queen Victoria among the people of Prussia, in relation to which highly important little personage, I learn, from a lady connected with the English court, who happens to be here just now, that the refusal of the Prussian court to allow the precious baby to cross the water with its youthful mother, was felt as "a bitter disappointment" at Osborne. The Princess Frederick William took over a number of photographs of her darling, one of which, representing a round-faced, snubby, happy looking, fat little thing, such as babies ought to be, is now here in the custody of the lady aforesaid; the Queen, when she saw this photograph of the little creature, whose arrival has made her a grandmother, declared that "It was so exactly like one of her own babies, that she should not know them apart." The disappointment was severe to all parties; but perhaps especially so to the younger members of the royal household, who had set their hearts on enjoying the full dignity of the new relationship conferred on them by the birth of a "nephew." When the news of its arrival first reached the royal family, little Prince Leopold, it seems, was the most excited of all. He ran about incessantly all the rest of the day, and for a day or two afterwards, exclaiming, at the top of his voice, to every one he met, "Vic's got a boy, and I'm his uncle! Oh, Vic's got a boy. Vic's got a boy, and *I'm his uncle!*" The only drawback to this otherwise intense and perfect satisfaction arising from reflexion that "the baby has *two* uncle Leopolds; and, *how ever will he know which is which?*" a suggestion of coming perplexity which must have been sufficiently amusing to the other "Uncle Leopold," whose hair has long ago grown gray under the not-very-heavy crown of spirited and now rejoicing little Belgium.

The young Princess, so much beloved both in her old home and in her new one, appears to have been in her childish days as fond of a bit of mischief as the humblest of the thousands of other "little girls" born under her mother's sway.

A young woman, who was formerly one of the housemaids at Windsor, and left her Majesty's service to marry her present husband, preserves a lively remembrance of the various incidents of her stay in the castle, and of the pranks of the little people who seem to be in so fair a way of growing up to do honor to their royal mother's training. Among other instances of the kind, "Mary" well remembers how, one morning, she was busy cleaning the grate in Prince Albert's study, the bars of which she was in the act of blacking, when the door opened, and in tripped the Princess Royal and Princess Alice in white morning-frocks, their hair very smooth and nice, just ready for their morning-lessons. Mary happened to be rather late that morning, and was brushing away at the grate with might and main, to make up for lost time, and rather fearful lest the Prince should make his appearance before she had done.

"Oh, Mary, Mary!" cried the two children, coming up to her, "what are you doing?"

"I'm blacking the grate," replied Mary, "and I'm in a great hurry, for I'm afraid the Prince will be coming before I've done."

"Oh, Mary, now, there's a good Mary, let us help you brush the grate!" cried the children, stooping down one on each side of her, and trying to get hold of the brushes. "Give us the brushes, Mary, and the lead, and let us help you, it will be such fun!"

Mary begged them to go away, and held on to her brushes; but somehow or other the little Princesses were too cunning for her, and contrived to get hold of her brushes, which they dipped at once into the pot of black lead, and with which, in a twinkling, they had smeared Mary's face all over, making her as black as a chimney-sweep, which feat performed, they scampered out of the room in the greatest possible state of delight, leaving the poor housemaid beside herself with terror, as the Queen, who is a very early riser, might very likely meet her if she ran out of the room, and what would her Majesty say at the sight of such a black-a-moor?

While the poor girl hesitated in her fright whether to go or stay, afraid of meeting the Queen if she left the room, and equally afraid of seeing Prince Albert enter if she remained, the two children ran off towards the school-room, tittering with exultation at the thought of their *escapade*, when they suddenly met their governess, Miss ——, who stopped them and asked them what they were doing in that particular passage at that hour?

"We are going to the school-room!" answered the little princesses.

"Very good; but where are you coming from?" An awkward question, at which the children, looking uncomfortably conscious, held down their heads, but said nothing.

At this moment, who should appear at the same doorway but her Majesty, who happened to be going to Prince Albert's study, supposing the Prince to be there, and wishing to speak to him.

"Why, what are the children doing here?" inquired the Queen, stopping at sight of the group.

"That is just what I am trying to find out, your Majesty, but what I have not yet been able to discover."

"Where have you been?" asked the Queen of the children, much surprised at their evident embarrassment, and looking at them more closely; "and what are all these little black marks on your frocks, and on your hands?" she continued, pursuing her investigation. "It is very evident that you have been at some mischief," said her Majesty, "and I insist upon your showing me at once where you have come from."

As her children seem to know that their royal mamma is not to be trifled with, they at once, though very reluctantly, and in as great trepidation as the poor housemaid herself, who heard what was going on, and could not escape, as there was no other way from the study than the passage in which the Queen was standing, led the way to the study, where a glance at the black face of poor Mary, who was crying, and trying to rub the lead off her face with her apron, revealed to the Queen the prank in which the little truants had been engaged.

"Don't cry, but go and wash your face," said the Queen, kindly, to the frightened servant, "you are not to blame because the princesses have done wrong. You are two very naughty girls," she added to the children, as the housemaid left the room; "you have spoiled Mary's clothes, and you will therefore give her a new cap and gown and collar, which you will pay for out of your own money. And as you have behaved very ill and very rudely to the poor girl in blacking her face, you will both of you beg her pardon for what you have done."

So the children's footmen was despatched forthwith to the village, charged to purchase a new gown, a cap and a collar for Mary; and as soon as these were brought up to the school-room the two little girls were sent by the Queen to carry them to her and to ask her pardon for the trick they had played her. "Here, Mary," they cried, as they presented her with the things, "here is a new cap for you and a collar and a dress; and mamma says there is quite enough for flounces. And we beg your pardon for putting the blacking on your face this morning!"

And back they ran to the school-room, declaring that "they did not in the least mind giving Mary the new cap and collar and dress, but they did *not* like to beg her pardon!"

QUANTUM.

☞ Samuel Warren, in his introduction to the study of law, maintains that chess is excellently calculated to chain a wandering mind to its task—to induce those habits of patient and vigilant attention, cautious circumspection, accurate calculation, and forecasting of consequences, which are essential to the successful study and practice of the law.

☞ A FOND HUSBAND.—Mr. Jones writes to a friend, and closes by saying: "I am glad to be able to say that my wife is recovering slowly."

☞ SOMETHING THAT WAS NEVER YET KNOWN.—The number of people that an omnibus can hold on a wet day.

☞ I suppose that one of the severest trials of a sordid man, is that which is caused by the disgust he feels in the society of his own soul. I once heard a preacher remark, that were it not for the interposition of sleep, by which all men are separated once in 24 hours from the consciousness of their own meanness, they would all die of self-contempt.—*Timo. Titcomb.*

☞ It was announced in Paris that the Marquis de Crèqui had poisoned himself. "You see," said one of his *friends*, "he must have bitten his own tongue."

☞ SHARP PRACTICE.—A client, while bathing at Trinity (Edingburh,) saw his agent rise up, after a long dive, at his side. "Ho, there, Saunders, have you taken out a *fuge* warrant against Burt?" "He is in quod," replied the agent, and instantly dived again, showing his heels as a parting view to the client; nor did the latter hear more of the interview until he got his bill, containing the entry, "To consultation at Trinity anent the incarceration of Burt, 6s. 8d."

A GRAY eye is a sly eye,
And roguish is a brown one:
Turn full upon me thy eye—
Ah, how its wavelets drown one!
A blue eye is a true eye;
Mysterious is a dark one,
Which flashes like a spark-ren!
—*Mirza Schaffy, the Persian Poet.*

☞ It is an error to suppose that only the violent passions, such as ambition and love, are able to master the others. Indolence, although so languid, not rarely prevails in the character; it usurps the rule of all the designs and the actions of life; it destroys and consumes by degrees both the passions and the virtues.—*Rochefoucauld.*

☞ It is always safe to learn, even from our enemies; seldom safe to instruct our friends.—*Lacon.*

☞ It was well said by a modern moralist that, "Though there may be many new *religions;* all the *virtues* are old and ever the same.

A WIFE to make you happy?—Soft young man,
Dismiss that hope with all the speed you can.
The greatest happiness of married life
Is trying, not in vain, to please a wife.

Most men, content to try and not succeed,
The will must render happy for the deed;
The lady's sighs, not smiles, requite her lord,
And love, like virtue, is its own reward.—*Punch.*

☞ An inquiry in a country paper, for a rhyme for the word "month," brought out in reply the following old epigram—

"You can't," says Tom to lisping Bill,
"Find any rhyme for 'month.'"
"A great mistake," was Bill's reply,
"I'll find a rhyme at *onth*."

☞ Misfortunes are like thunder and stormy clouds—in the distance they appear black, but when over our heads they are scarcely grey. As bad dreams denote an agreeable future, so will it be with the often painful dream of life when it is past. All our strong feelings, like ghosts, have their influence for a certain period only; and if a man were to say to himself this passion, this pain, this rapture, is sure after three days to lose its effect on the mind, then would he always be more composed and quiet. —*Jean Paul Richter.*

☞ What is probable seldom happens.—*Rochefoucault.*

A GREAT BALLOON VOYAGE.

From St. Louis to New York in Eighteen Hours—Thrilling Adventures—A Plunge into the Lake—Descent into a Tree, &c.

We find in the *N. Y. Tribune* the following account of this wonderful voyage from Professor Wise:—

Although it was intended to have started on this voyage on the 23rd of June, we were delayed in our preparations until the 1st of July. By 6 o'clock P. M., the air-ship Atlantic was duly inflated, and while we were putting her in trim with ballast and provisions, Mr. Brooks, lessee of the St. Louis Museum, who had kindly volunteered to escort us over the Mississippi in his balloon Comet, got ready for the occasion, and upon a signal agreed upon, ascended from the ground. At 7.20 P. M., the Atlantic was ready to sail. Messrs. La Mountain and Gager, thinking some difficulty might arise at the start if they should attach the fan wheels to the shafts and wheel-gearing, determined to omit that until we should be fairly under way next morning. Having had much experience in hard winds, and the perils of landing a balloon under them, we had constructed, at St. Louis, a good wicker-work car, (which, with a good and strong concentric hoop, are life preservers in these perils,) which was suspended between the boat and balloon, and about eight feet above the former, and within six feet of the hoop, so that the neck of the balloon hung in the basket-car whenever the balloon was fully distended. The boat contained six hundred pounds of ballast, one bucket of water, one bucket of lemonade, with an abundance of bread, wine, poultry, and sandwiches, beside delicacies too numerous to enumerate, furnished by kind friends. Mr. La Mountain took command of the boat and ballast, and took his place on one end; Mr. Gager took the other end, and took charge of the charts and compass; Mr. Hyde, local editor of the St. Louis Republican, took his seat in the middle, with note book and pencil as historian. Although Mr. Hyde was not in the original programme, we unanimously agreed to let him accompany us, provided it would not interfere with our ultimate design; and it was arranged that, under any circumstances, when the balloon should fail, the boat and its occupants should be disposed of, and myself or Mr. La Mountain should proceed with the voyage alone.

The basket contained 350 pounds of ballast, a barometer, wet and dry bulb, thermometer, besides a quantity of wines and provisions; and I took my place in the basket and charge of the valve rope, and, as director of the general plan of the voyage, by the unanimous consent of the party engaged in this long-devised enterprise. I must say here, that Mr. La Mountain took in charge a part of the programme, that none but a cool head and a most accomplished æronaut could be trusted with; and especially the night sailing. At 7.20 P. M., we set sail from the Washington Square of St. Louis, and our course at starting was north of east. When we got up and over the Mississippi and well under way, we saw Mr. Brooks land in a clear place, about sunset.

At 8.30 P. M. the shades of the evening shut from our view the noble city of St. Louis and the Father of Waters, though it continued light until after 9. Mr. La Mountain having suffered from sickness, on Thursday, and being too unwell to work hard under a burning sun at the inflation, left much hard labor for me at that work. I submitted the whole thing to his charge for the night, with the understanding to have me waked whenever he wanted the valve worked, and he took it with alacrity. Before I went to sleep we had mounted to a height at which the balloon had become completely distended, and where we found the current due east. Here it became chilly, and Mr. La Mountain, as well as all of us, suffered from the change of air, and with all the clothing we could put on us it was still uncomfortable, though the thermometer stood at 42, and the barometer at 23, and this was the lowest of both instruments during the whole voyage, except the crossing of Lake Ontario.

Mr. La Mountain proposed to take the lower current as long as it would take us but a few points north of east, and I told him to do as he deemed best, and report his reckoning in the morning. After bidding the party in the boat a good night and God speed, I coiled myself up in blankets, and laid down as best I could, and in a few moments was sound asleep, and knew of nothing but repose until 11.30 P. M.

At this time Mr. La Mountain again mounted for the upper current; being desirous of making a little more easting, he hailed me to open the valve, as the balloon had become so tense, and the gas was rushing from the neck with a noise, but finding no answer from me, he suspected that I was being smothered in the gas, and he admonished Mr. Gager to mount to my car by a rope provided for that purpose, and Mr. Gager found me breathing spasmodically, but a good shaking and the removal of the neck of the balloon from my face, with plenty of pure cold air around me, soon brought me back to a knowledge of what was going on, and I resolved to sleep no more during the night.

At midnight I felt quite well, with an invigorated spirit of observation and interest in our experiment. The whole dome of Heaven was lit up with a mellow phosphorescent light, the stars shone with a crystalline brilliancy, and the milky way looked like an illuminated stratum of cumulus clouds. Whenever we crossed water the Heaven-lit dome was as visible below by reflection as above. So remarkable was this phosphorescent light of the atmosphere that the balloon looked translucent, and looked like light shining through oiled paper. We could also tell prairie from forest, and by keeping the eye for a moment downward we could see the roads, fences, fields, and even houses, quite distinctly at any elevation not over a mile, and even at the greatest elevation we could discern prairie from woodland, and from water.

Whenever we hailed it was followed by a distinct echo, and even this served as a differential index to height. We always found a response in numerous bow-wow-wows, and these, too, were always indicative of the fullness and sparseness of the habitations below, as we could hear them for many miles around us. Mr. La Mountain remarked that nobody lived in that country but dogs, or else the people barked like dogs, he having got a little out of humor, because nobody would tell him in what State we were sailing, and he gave up the inquiry, with the remark that it must be over some other country than America, as we had been moving along at a rapid pace.

At 3 A. M., Saturday, we came to a general conclusion that we were somewhere over the State of Indiana or Ohio. At 4 A. M., we passed a city, but could not make it out, but 5 A. M., we discovered Lake Erie ahead of us, and then concluded that the city we left a little south of our track must have been Fort Wayne. At 6 A. M., we passed Toledo, and about an hour afterward we lowered on the margin of the lake a little north of Sandusky. After a few moments consultation, and a review of our ballast, we determined to risk the length of Lake Erie, and to test the notion that balloons cannot be kept up long over water, because of some peculiar affinity of the two—a notion that never had any belief with me. Just as we merged upon the lake, a little steam screw that was propelling up the river or bay headed for our track, and some one aboard of her very quaintly cried aloud out to us: "That is the lake ahead of you." Mr. La Mountain cried back, "Is it Lake Erie?" and the answer was, "Yes, it is, and you had better look out." Our good friend, the propeller, finding that we discarded his kindness, rounded off again, sounded us a good-bye with his steam whistle, and went his way up the river.

Here we mounted up until the balloon got full, and the barometer fell to 23, in order to make along near the southern shore of the lake; but at Mr. La Mountain's suggestion, that we could make the city of Buffalo by sailing but a few hundred feet above the surface of the water, I opened the valve until we gradually sank to within five hundred feet of the water. Here we found a gentle breeze of about a speed of a mile per minute, and we resolved to float on it until we should heave in sight of Buffalo, and then rise and sail over it. This was a most interesting part of our voyage. We overtook seven steamboats, passed mutual salutations, and would soon leave them flitting on the horizon in our rear. One of these lonely travellers remarked, as we passed him. "You are going it like thunder." At 10.20 A. M., we were skirting along the Canada shore, and passed near the mouth of the Welland Canal, and soon began to mount for our track, but we circled up into it between Buffalo and Niagara Falls, crossing Grand Island, leaving Buffalo to the right and Lockport to the left of us in our onward course. Finding ourselves in the State of New York, but too far north to make the city of New York, it was agreed that we would make a landing near Rochester, detach the boat, leave out Mr. Gager and Mr. Hyde, and Mr. La Mountain and myself pursue the voyage to a point at Boston or Portland. Accordingly we descended gradually, but before we got within a thousand feet of the earth, we found a most terrific gale sweeping along below. The woods roared like a host of Niagaras, the surface of the earth was filled with clouds of dust, and I felt my friends certain destruction awaited us if we should touch the earth in that tornado. The huge "Atlantic" was making a terrific sweep earthward; already were we near the tops of the trees of a tall forest, and I cried out, somewhat excitedly, "For God's sake, heave overboard anything you can lay your hands on, La Mountain," and in another moment he responded, "All right," standing on the side of the boat, with a shaft and wheel intended for the working of the fan wheels, and ready to heave it over should it become necessary.

Mr. Hyde looked up to my car and very solemnly said, "This is an exciting time, Professor. What shall we do?" "Trust to Providence and all our energies," said I. We were fast running on to Lake Ontario, and oh, how terribly it was foaming and howling. I said, "La Mountain, I have 150 pounds of ballast in my car yet, and a heavy valise, an Express bag, (sent to the United States Express Company's office, in Broadway, New York,) and a lot of provisions."

"Well, if that won't do, I will cut up the boat for ballast, and we can keep above water until we reach the opposite shore," which was near a hundred miles off in the direction we were then going.

Here I handed my ballast down to La Mountain, as we were rapidly mounting above the terrific gale, believing that by that course we should at least get out of its main track.

Everything now indicated that we should perish in the water or on the land; and our only salvation was to keep afloat until we got out of the gale, if we could. I said "You must all get into the basket, if you want to be saved, should we ever reach the land. And I truly tell you that the perils of the land are even more terrible than those of the water, with our machines, and it would be easier to meet death by drowning than to have our bodies mangled by dashing against rocks and trees." By this time, Mr. Gager and Mr. Hyde had clambered into the basket with me. Mr. Hyde said, very coolly, "I am prepared to die, but I would rather die on land than in the water." I said, "What do you say, Mr. Gager?" He replied, "I would rather meet it on land; but do as you think best." Mr. La Mountain was busily engaged in collecting what he could for ballast. Everything was now valuable to us that had weight. Our carpet-bags, our instruments, the express-bag, and our provisions were all ready to go, and go they did, one after another, until we were reduced to the express-bag—that went overboard last.

We now descried the shore, some forty miles ahead, peering between a sombre bank of clouds and the water horizon, but we were swooping at a fearful rate upon the turbulent water, and, in another moment crash went the boat upon the water, sideways, staving in two of the planks, and giving our whole craft two fearful jerks by two succeeding waves. La Mountain stuck to the boat like a hero, but he lost his hat and got a dash of the waves, but soon recovered and threw over the express bag, and the last remaining ballast, and cried out, "Be easy, gentlemen, I'll have her afloat once more." In another moment we were up a few hundred feet again, and the steam propeller Young America was tacking across our track. I now proposed to swamp the boat and balloon in the lake, and trust to being picked up by the Young America, but the desire was that we should make the shore and try the land, and as we crossed the bow of the steamer they gave us a hearty hurrah. La Mountain had now cut out of the boat all he could, and we were within fifteen miles of the shore, the gale still raging below. La Mountain might have remained in the boat below, and jumped out at the first touching the earth, and I see no impropriety in that, as then we might have had another hour or two to wait the lulling of the gale; but he said he would share our fate, and he also clambered into the basket, just as we were reaching the land.

I saw by the swaying to and fro of the lofty trees into which we must inevitably dash, that our worst perils were at hand, but I still had a blind hope that we would be saved. I ordered two men upon the valve rope, and we struck within a hundred yards of the water, among some scattered trees, our hook, which was of inch and a quarter iron, breaking like a pipe-stem at the first catch of it in a tree, and we hurling through the tree top at a fearful rate. After dashing along this way for nearly a mile, crashing and breaking down trees, we were dashed most fearfully into the boughs of a tall elm, so that the basket swung under and up through the crotch of the limb, while the boat had caught in some of the other branches, and this brought us to a little, but in another moment the "Atlantic" puffed up her huge proportions, and at one swoop away went the limb, basket, and boat into the air a hundred feet, and I was afraid some of the crew were impaled upon the scrags. This limb, about eight inches thick at the butt, and full of branches, not weighing less than six or eight hundred pounds, proved to much for the "Atlantic," and it brought her suddenly down upon the top of a very tall tree, and collapsed her. It was a fearful plunge, but it left us dangling between Heaven and earth, in the most sorrowful-looking plight of machinery that can be imagined.

None of us were seriously injured, the many cords, the strong hoop made of wood and iron, and the close wicker-work basket saving us from harm, as long as the machinery hung together, and that could not have lasted two minutes longer.

We came to the land, or rather tree, of Mr. T. O. Whitney, town of Henderson, Jefferson county, New York.

We will soon have the "Atlantic" rebuilt, for what, I hope, may prove a more successful demonstration of what we proposed to do on this interesting occasion. JOHN WISE.

STANWIX HALL, Albany, July 3, 1859.

☞ Jones was not tipsy the other night, when it became his duty, at the proper stage of the proceedings, to give the regular toast to woman, for he said so afterwards. He proceeded:

"Oh, woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please—
But—but—seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

DASHWOOD'S DRAG;

OR,

THE DERBY, AND WHAT CAME OF IT

BY OUIDA.

CHAPTER III.

"I've forgotten to congratulate you, old fellow—when is it to be?" said Winters. We had been supping with Rosalie L———, the premiere danseuse, with whom Dash was a favored admirer; and Winters and Cardonel, and one or two more, were smoking their last pipe in Dun'emall street, discussing Rosalie, her mots, her smiles, and her champagne, the second article being voted much better quality than the other two.

Dash actually started and looked superb:

"I do not understand you, Winters."

"Then you're not so wide awake as everybody else, my dear Dash. Any other man in town would twig easily enough. I'm very glad of it, Dash—deucedly glad, 'pon my word. If I could pick up two hundred thousand with as little trouble, I should thank my stars. Don't get henpecked, old fellow, that's all. Go your own ways and keep to them. Begin as you mean to go on, that's the only way with women. It's a pity such a good fellow should have to marry, but if yo can't keep the drag without it—"

"Good Heavens, Winters, are you mad! What on earth are you talking of?" cried Dash. I never saw him so excited, no, not even when his own Cartouche, the favorite for the Cesarewitch, was doctored the night before the race.

"Too much love hath made *thee* mad, my Festus, rather," answered Winters, staring hard. "Surely the widow must know herself whether or not she is going to marry you."

"The widow—what widow? If you mean that Mrs. Curry-Dohl, I'd be shot sooner than sully my name by giving it to her. When did she tell such a lie—where, how, to whom?"

"My dear Dash! don't take a man's head off," said poor Winters, pathetically; "your marriage is town talk. It will be in the Court Circular next week. I ventured to hint about it to the fair relict, and she blushed and insinuated it was true, as those silly Crinolines always do on such occasions; and little Morning went dead white and vanished from our presence like a shot. Don't look so furious, man. The widow can't slope with you against your will, though, to be sure, we're all laid siege to and taken into bondage now-a-days, *nolens volens*."

"Contradict it wherever you hear it," said Dash, shortly. "The report is a lie, like the woman who set it afloat. Pass me the whiskey, Johnnie."

We called in Park Lane the next day. There were other people there; but Dash made himself an opportunity. I heard him ask, as he picked up Flora's pencil,

"Mrs. Curry-Dohl let Winters in for a great falsehood yesterday; but you kept your promise, you did not believe her?"

Flora colored, but lifted her blue eyes:

"No, I believe you."

"God bless you!" said Dash, warmly; then added aloud: "Those jungle sketches are splendidly done, Miss Benyon; will you let me copy them?"

"Keep them," said Flora, delightedly, "if you think them worth anything."

I saw Dash was gone, and I sighed over his fate. That ever I should have to record it of Dash; Dash the misogamist, whose indifference to bright eyes and soft cheeks had so long been my admiration, that he should be spoony—be in love!

I hated Flora Benyon, who had spoiled the best fellow going by the glamour of her pretty face and kitten-like ways and clever little head. That Dash should have yielded to the weakness! I was disgusted with her and him.

I stood thinking about it that night at a ball Emily gave. I had been waltzing and taking ice till I was bored to death, and knowing a balcony where I thought I might enjoy a weed undiscovered, I stole out to taste the forbidden joy. I hadn't smoked half a delicious Manilla, when, horror! my hostess entered the boudoir adjoining. I guiltily flung my cherished darling into the street below, and stood *perdu* in the darkness. She couldn't see me, but I saw her fully. She looked very well, that I must admit, with a lot of black lace draping round her, and diamonds flashing in her hair and on her arms and neck. She was speaking to Dash, who had come in with her.

"You are cruel, Lionel, and unjust in your harshness. You so hate me that you hesitate at imputing nothing to me, however black may be the charge. It is ungenerous in you to so revenge yourself for an early wrong."

Appeal to Dash's generosity, and you put him up a tree at once. He would blow his brains out cheerfully rather than seem, or be, mean.

"I do not bear malice, Heaven knows. I should scorn such petty vindictiveness," he said, with our hot Dashwood blood mounting over his forehead. "How can you believe me capable of cherishing resentment so long? All I ask of you is to contradict this unfounded report which associates your name and mine."

"Time was when such a union would have been your dearest wish," she murmured, reproachfully.

"Admit, Emily, that you gave me plentiful cause to change," said Dash, sarcastically.

"And now it is not only hatred to me but love to another that you feel. Do not deny it, Lionel. I see it, I know it, and it maddens me. Oh! Lionel, you are fully revenged. If I did not love you well enough once, I love you only too well now!" Her tone changed into passionate vehemence, and she threw herself on his breast, sobbing bitterly.

As she lay there, Dash, too taken by surprise to repulse her, looked up and swore a mighty oath unto himself. Flora Benyon stood in the doorway, pale, mute, gazing at him fixedly. Dash sprang forward to her and seized her hand in both his:

"Stay, stay!" he began. But Flora wrenched herself from his grasp.

"Let me go! let me go! you have deceived me—you whom I so trusted!" she stammered, her voice hoarse and broken; and giving him a glance of reproach, suffering love, and grief, that would have made even *me* feel spoony, she broke away from him. Dash swore again, not very mildly I am afraid, fair lectrice, and turned fiercely on to Emily. But the widow was vanished, too, much too wise to encounter the storm.

Dash began pacing up and down the little boudoir like an embodied tornado. We're as fiery as game-cocks, I can tell you, when we are roused. The imprecations he flung after Mrs. Curry-Dohl were enough to blow up Cronstadt, if words, as the admirals seemed to fancy, could have done it. Then he threw himself down on a sofa like a raging hound held in leash, while there was I in my balcony, without my Manilla, with not an earthly thing to amuse me, cramped up among a lot of flowers, forced to hear the storms and private feelings of the sort of fellow very capable of sending you to the deuce by the very shortest road for prying into his business. But I couldn't stay in the balcony for eternity, so I walked up to him.

"What do you want?" asked my lord, with more brevity than politeness.

"To make a confession."

"Then I must say it is a very ill-timed one. You are with me often enough without following me like my shadow in a ball," said he, impatiently.

"Be quiet, Dash. I only want to tell you I've been in the balcony the last half hour."

"The devil you have!" cried my brother, looking right willing to knock me down.

"I was smoking there, and I couldn't get out."

"Then you heard everything I said, you confounded young puppy!" said Dash, with a deliciously stiltified and disgusted air.

"Possessing a tympanum, I unhappily did."

"Don't be a fool," answered Dash, with his old winning smile passing over his stern face. "But as you did, do me a service now, Master Johnnie. Go and find out from your friend Marie what has become of her mistress; whether she is still in the ball-room or not."

Now Marie was a very piquante but a very faithless little lady's maid in Emily's pay, but in attendance on Flora. Marie and I had many a tete-a-tete, in which, though she called me a "little plague" and an "absurd boy," she was generally very amiable. I found her at length, and with a kiss and half a sovereign, and a good deal of nonsense, I got the information.

"Mademoiselle has gone to bed with a bad headache. It's Mr. Dashwood wants to know, isn't it, my little fellow?"

"Ruination!" swore Dash, when I told him. "That cursed woman will get her ear to-morrow, and tell her Heaven knows what lies. See here, Jack, I'll write her a line to-night. I'll lay it under the bronze Milton in the library, and you'll give it to Marie, there's a good boy."

He sauntered back into the ball-room, waltzed two or three times, flirted a little, then I lost him in the crowd. When I went into the library two hours after I looked under the bronze Milton, and consigned a little sealed billet, directed to Miss Benyon, unto Marie's tender mercies.

"To be sure I'll give it to mademoiselle! The poor man is so handsome. Faith, he's handsomer than his brother!" And with a wicked smile Marie darted up the stairs.

As we sat at breakfast the next morning about two o'clock, Dash smoking and drinking strong coffee, eating little, and speaking not at all, a note was brought him, and for the first time in my life I had the pleasure of seeing the woman-hater color. He tore it open, his own note dropped out, and I give you my honor that strong fellow shook like a woman. He crushed them both in his hand, then flung them on the floor, stamping them into a million pieces, his face as white as death. He started up and paced about the room, his arms crossed on his chest, silent and stern.

"Twice am I ruined by her! Oh, why is she not a man, that I may wash out my wrongs! Once she robbed me of herself, now she robs me of one far dearer. Devil incarnate, the first injury might have sated her!" The words broke from him in fierce mutterings; he had wholly forgot my presence; and he threw himself down in his chair, his face covered with his hands, while his frame shook with tearless sobs.

It takes a good deal to make me feel down in the mouth, and I should say I'm as little given to what the ladies call "emotion" as any fellow going, but I assure you, sir, when I saw Dash—calm, strong, stoical Dash—done up like that, so utterly broken down, I felt more of a donkey than ever I felt in my life. It was terrible to see him—'pon my life it was. I took my hat, walked gently out—he never heard or noticed me—and left the house, for I knew he did not want a witness.

I met Blase, of the Guards, and I went with him to the club and played billiards, and drank sherry and seltzer, and looked out of the window, and quizzed the women that went by. But I wasn't up to the mark—somehow, I couldn't get Dash out of my head—and about five I took a Hansom and drove back again.

He was sitting just the same, his head resting on his arms. He looked up as I went in. His face was pale and stern, but his manner quiet and calm as usual. "Well, Johnnie, where have you been? Enjoying yourself?"

As I told you before, I like Dash. He has been a good old fellow to me; and gave me many a tip, and saved me in many a scrape, when he was a Trinity man and I a little chap in petticoats. He has no faults to me, whatever he may have to the governor, and if he is extravagant, that's his own affair, isn't it? and if he is wild and reckless, men can't be saints, madam, can they?

So, as I say, I like Dash, and his wrongs moved me to wrath, and I spoke—hot and fiercely of the widow, and then of Flora too. But here he stopped me sternly:

"Hush! never speak her name."

"But are you sure she—"

He pointed to some little notes lying before him, notes to thank him for a bouquet and return him a book—notes all signed "Flora." The writing was the same as on the envelope enclosing his returned letter.

"You see!" said Dash. "Silence on the subject once and forever."

"But will you seek no explanation—attempt no renewal of—"

"Do you dare to ask me?" repeated Dash, his brow dark and his eye flashing. "Young fellow, in that letter I gave her the word of a gentleman that the explanation I gave her was a true one. I offered her all that a man can—my love, and my home, and my name. She chose to doubt the one and reject the other. Well as I love her, no woman who disbelieves my honor shall be my wife!"

I didn't say any more. It's about as safe to put a match to a powder depot as a question to Dash in one of his grand moods. But I felt—I'm sure I can't tell you why—that there was a mistake, which, if Flora couldn't and Dash wouldn't explain away, would remain a mistake to the end of the chapter. I met Emily in her barouche in Pall-mall the next morning. She was alone, and signed me to her. She put out her delicate lavender glove with a smile of the sweetest melancholy. I pretended not to see it, and busied myself with the bridle of my horse.

"I take the hint, Johnnie," she said, with tender reproach. "We are to be strangers henceforward; but, believe me, you will have no truer friend than your poor cousin if ever you cease to misjudge her. Tell your brother that, little mercy as he had for me, I grieve sincerely for his disappointment."

"Though you caused it, Mrs. Curry-Dohl," said I, bluntly. I was astonished at the crimson flush that spread over her face, for I did not know how true to the mark I had shot.

"I—I cause——" she began, vehemently; then recollected herself, and lapsed into her reproachful, injured melancholy, and said, with calm dignity, "You forget yourself, Mr. Dashwood. Good morning."

"Good morning. I wish you nothing better, Mrs. Curry-Dohl, than that your own good deeds may come home to you, for what a reward you will reap!" With which rude speech I bowed to my saddle-bow and turned into Piccadilly.

When I went back to Dun'emall street I found a little note from Dash, telling me he was gone down to Cowes, should probably take a cruise in the Levant, and that I was to stay in his rooms, use his stable, and enjoy myself till the season was over. But Dash hadn't been gone a week when the governor came up to town, much to my discomfiture, for he dropped in on a nice little loo party I was giving, lectured me before all the fellows, produced on everybody much the same sensation as a pouring storm gives one in a pic-nic, and put me altogether in a hole. My mother and the girls were on the Continent, and the governor came up from Badgeley (our place) to see Dash about some law business, which, profoundly as he detested his eldest born, he couldn't settle without the heir. Dash came up, for he did not want his entail endangered; and as what the governor wanted to do was a thing rankly unjust to the younger children, he flatly refused to sign. The governor was very wrathful: he wanted the money to try a new mode of draining; for, screw as he is to us, he wastes thousands on his farms, and he departed with many epithets hurled at his heir, as little polite as they were paternal. When he was off back to Badgeley, I told Dash of Mrs. Curry-Dohl's kind message.

"Disappointment! my disappointment!" he repeated, his brow scarlet and his lips white. "She dared to triumph over me a second time! I lay my life on it, then, it is her arts that have wrought me my second ruin."

"I never doubted it," said I, striking a fusee.

"What do you mean, Jack?" said Dash, eagerly.

"What I say. I don't believe your young lady ever saw your letter, more than I see the Derby winner for 1900."

He sprang up and caught my arm. "Great Heaven! that I dare think so! But the writing—the writing!"

I pushed him a bit of paper with which, the fusee failing, I was lighting my pipe. It was a dinner invitation from Emily. "Take your grasp off, Hercules, and look here," said I; "with very little difficulty Emily could write like the girl, if she tried."

"'Pon my life, the boy's much more wide awake than I am! God bless you, Johnnie; you've put new life into me," cried Dash, pacing the room stormily. "What a fool I have been! What a blind bat not to have thought of it before! My poor little Flora! Order the tilbury round directly. No, wait a bit! I cannot swallow my pride—no, hang it, I cannot—unless I am sure. And yet to lose her through misunderstanding!" With which disconnected remarks the once calm and never-to-be-excited stoic flung his cigar on the floor, tossed himself down in a chair, and pushed his hair off his forehead.

"Let me go and see how the land lies," I began.

Dash stared at me. "You—you graceless cub, you unfledged bird—you manage my affairs? Confound your impudence!"

"Confound your pride, rather!" I retorted. "See here, Dash; it's Friday. They always go to the Gardens, you know. Let me go and talk to your little beauty, while you keep by the pond, and I bet you a bloodhound to a larcher that I bring her to you without compromising that delicious stiltified dignity of yours one bit."

Dash looked disgusted, thought a minute, and held his head in the air. "That I should live to confide in a boy! Well, get along beardless ambassador."

Ungracious as was the permission, I accepted it, for I rather liked the fun. Dash took the drag, and we drove twice round the ring, which was just then filling. As we passed the corner by Apsley House the Curry-Dohl carriage drove in; Emily brilliant, and armed for conquest, Flora lying back, pale, *distraite*, grave. She colored violently as Dash bowed to her, gave a wild beseeching glance, and hid her face with her parasol. They alighted in Kensington Gardens: so did we. Dash stalked off towards the pond, and I lounged towards the band. I found Emily chatting with Cardonel and Winters, and Flora sat, at a little distance, under a tree with some women she knew. She started when she saw me. We talked of the "Trovatore," whose airs the Life Guards were giving in full force, of the mixed assemblage, &c., &c.; then I asked her to walk about a little. Flora took my arm with a look of surprise; Emily's head was, by a blessed providence, turned the other way, and I led her away from the crowd. I opened fire *sans preface*: I hate beating about the bush. "Miss Benyon, how could you be so cruel to poor Dash?"

"*I* cruel to him!" she murmured, her little soft cheeks like two blush roses.

"Yes. He's too proud to ask you why, but I will, for I don't want my brother to throw himself into the Serpentine. How could you send back his letter?"

"A letter! What letter? I have had none. Did Mr. Dashwood write to me? Tell me—tell me at once, please. Pray do not keep me in suspense!"

She turned so white, and looked so wild and so pretty, that though I don't believe in love, as I have told you, I could almost have envied Dash. I pointed to him leaning against an elm at some distance.

"To be sure he did. He's wretchedly spoony. I mean quite—quite——But there he comes, Miss Benyon; he'll explain it all better than I can."

Dash came on with furious strides, looking clean besides himself; I discreetly turned round and walked away, but for the fun of the thing I got behind an elm and looked to see how things were going on. Very well, I resume; for she was hanging on Dash's arm, gazing up in his face, while my cool, proud, indifferent brother seemed to be wild with joy; and as his ecstasies seemed very unlikely to come to an end, and there was nothing in sight to amuse me, I strolled off towards the distant points of scarlet, and left Dash to his felicity.

CHAPTER IV.

But nothing in love ever went right yet, and that is why I have solemnly vowed never to have anything to do with it.

You never saw such a change in any fellow as there was in Dash when he drove home the drag that day, after making the pack of cards wait most shamefully. That tired, bored, worn, aimless man of the world was full of new life, new eagerness, new youth. I should never have thought Dash had that sort of thing in him, but then he certainly was madly in love.

But with the morning a screw or two in his new happiness came loose. In answer to his letter demanding her ward, Mrs. Curry-Dohl wrote briefly word that, as her guardian, she forbade the marriage during Flora's minority; and the governor, in reply to Dash's request for a fair forestalment of his future property, informed him that unless he signed what he wished, he should cut him off his present hundreds a year, as he heard from his niece, Mrs. Curry-Dohl, that Dash was about to form a foolish alliance.

"What will you do, Dash?" I asked, as he sat looking sternly at the two epistles.

"Marry her," was the brief reply.

"On nothing!" I cried, horrified.

Dash laughed. "Well, I don't know; she is a little fairy, but still I fear she'll want feeding like the rest."

"Then I suppose you'll sign what the governor wants, and make it all square with the old cove?"

Dash looked thunder and lightning at me. "You think I shall defraud you and my mother to serve my own ends? You don't know me, young one."

"Then what the deuce will you do? Set up a livery stable, and have Flora as head groom?"

"Or a divan, and supply commercial gentlemen with cabbage-leaf tobacco and broad-beans coffee? Her pretty little face would bring plenty of customers," answered Dash, sitting down to write to her.

Their only means of communication was the post, since Marie was no more to be trusted—that estimable young female having confessed, after severe cross-examination and terrific threats, that she had for a heavy bribe carried Dash's letter to Mrs. Curry-Dohl instead of to her ward.

"My dear Jack, I don't wish to seem inhospitable, but I'm afraid I must give you notice to quit. There are some nice rooms at 11, over the way; Cardonel had 'em once, and the woman's daughter is not a bad-looking girl." So spake my lord some three weeks later, lying back in his rocking-chair, smoking, and reading the "Salamandre."

"The devil! What's in the wind?"

"Well, it is shabby, I admit, to ask a fellow and then turn him out; but you see, though Flora won't mind my cigar, I'm afraid she mightn't like yours."

I stared at him aghast. "Confound it, Dash, you're not going to——"

"Marry her?" said he, carelessly knocking off the ashes. "Yes, I am, to-morrow; or elope with her, if you like it better, as the beloved widow must be kept in the dark. As Flora innocently says, she 'has nobody really to ask; and she is quite sure I shouldn't tell her to do it if it wasn't right.' I'm not quite so clear on that point myself, as I wouldn't vouch for my disinterestedness if it were called in question; but I do know that I should deserve a cap and bells if I waited for Emily's consent. God bless me! she'd strychnine the child rather than let her marry me."

"By Jove! Dash," said I, "I never knew before there was insanity in the family. For mercy's sake, reflect—"

"Hold your tongue, innocent, and don't moralise; 'tisn't your line, and doesn't look respectful to your seniors. Because I can't afford a house in Eaton square, is that any reason that I may not, if I choose, keep a wife in my *chambres de garcon*? If I like to buy a wedding ring for Flora instead of a bouquet for Piccolomini, and they cost much the same, and if she prefers me and my empty purse to another man and his coronet, surely nobody need dispute the matter."

"Certainly not; but how will you keep her?"

"Qui vivra verra. Devil take the boy, he's as practical and prudent as the governor himself. If I've taken my full swing of life, and wish to try and be a good boy, you ought to applaud me, Johnnie. Ah! that's their trot, I'd swear to it anywhere."

He sprang to the window. I followed him. The pack of cards were turning the corner, driven by Dash's groom.

"Go along, my beauties," muttered he. "I shall never take your ribbons again. We've had many a merry day together, but I shall never tool you down the Epsom road any more."

He shaded his face with his hand, but his lips were tight shut, and if ever I saw tears in my granite brother's eyes, I saw them then, as he watched Spades, Clubs, Hearts and Diamonds trot out of sight.

"By Jove! Dash, is the drag—"

"Sold," said he, briefly and sternly. Then he turned from the window with a forced laugh. "You see I can't keep Flora and the pack of cards both; and as I love 'a little dearer than my horses,' the greys must go. But mind this, Jack, the new pet must never know what it cost me to sacrifice the old one for her."

The elopement was done very neatly. Dash took a brougham from Dun'emall-mews, and his man drove us to Park lane three full hours before Mrs. Curry-Dohl was up. Dash handed Flora in, who was dressed in her walking toilette, and looked sweetly pretty, blushing and then turning pale, and clinging to him as if he were her guardian angel, he meanwhile provokingly radiant at having gained his ticket of admittance to Paradise. Dash banged the door, drew down the blinds with a jerk, I jumped on the box, and we drove as hard as we could to a church in May Fair, (I won't tell you which,) whose parson was a jolly good fellow, an old college chum of Dash's—quite a brick, considering his cloth.

Dash went through the whole thing with an amount of *sang froid* few fellows in that spoony portion of their existence can attain. Flora looked very happy, and didn't cry, for which unfeminine piece of sense I have always respected her to this day. It was only when they got into the vestry, a little before us, and Dash kissed her and called her his wife, that I saw the silly little thing throw her arms round his neck and sob with joy. He soon carried her off to the carriage, and they went away down into Wales for a few weeks, and Dash swears they were the first happy weeks of his life, which I can't understand, as they spent their whole time in the hills and woods, and I know he'd nothing to amuse him but his fishing-rod and sketch-book. *I* should think it was preciously slow, but *he* says it was heaven.

They came back, and were as jolly as bricks in the old bachelor rooms, and Dash don't seem as if he could ever pet the girl enough. Now he's found out he can love, by George! he doesn't do it by halves. The governor kept his word, and dropped Dash, which was rather a convenience to Dash than otherwise. My mother and the girls came to see Flora, and went into raptures about her, and my *blase* brother is as happy as all the birds in the air. He has a government post, which suits him very well, and Flora tells him she shall be an ambassador's wife before she dies. She mayn't be far wrong.

And the widow—the beloved widow! I'm sorry I can't say how she took it; but as soon as she heard of the marriage she sent Flora all the letters Dash wrote during their engagement ten years before, to show her, she said, to what a faithless flirt she had tied herself. Flora burnt them all unopened. All I know of her is, that last week she managed to marry poor Winters. He was wretchedly hard-up, so I suppose the £20,000 reconciled him to taking "Dives's leavings." At any rate, she wanted to be Lady Winters, and if you give a widow—and an Indian widow—play with a fellow, take my word for it she will hook him somehow. The poor trout may struggle, but it's no go; he will be hauled to land if a widow is throwing the line, and he has once been fool enough to nibble.

The drag—the pack of cards. What do you think has become of the trap? Dash will drive the greys after all to the next Derby.

A little while ago Flora's Indian agents sent word that the chief of her property had been recovered, or rather had never been really lost, only it suited Mrs. Curry-Dohl to say that it had.

Yesterday morning I, who have run up from Granta for a week, crossed over from No. 11, to show Dash a terrier I had bought. I found him sitting, after breakfast, reading the Times. We were talking over the terrier's points, when Flora, dressed in the lightest of "organdie muslins," (the girls say that's the name,) and the most wonderful little bonnet, danced in, and with a toss of the head and a smile to me, went and took the Times out of Dash's hands, laid her own hands on his shoulders, and kissed him.

"Well, young lady," laughed the whilom stoic, "how is a man to get through any work while you come and interrupt him in this unbusiness-like manner?"

"Work!" repeated Flora, contemptuously tossing the Times on to my dog's nose. "Reading how the old women quarrel in the worshipful Commons. No! I've a real piece of work before me, and I want you to help me with it."

"I can't embroider, dear; nor yet crochet."

"Do I ever descend to a needle and a hook for amusement, Mr. Dashwood?" said Flora, with much dignity. "You know I hate them both. My herculean task is to choose some horses for a friend of mine, and as he's a very good judge, I should like your advice."

Dash raised his eyebrows. "He, too! Who's the man?"

"Never mind. He is handsome, and I like him rather, and I want to please him. Come and look. I went round to Tattersall's this morning and chose him these. Do you think these will do?"

"Is the child mad?" laughed Dash. "You go to Tattersall's? I should like to see you there."

"Well, come and look, Lionel." She took his hand, and made him go to the window. In the street, chafing their bits, pawing the earth, tossing their green and silver rosettes, and flecking their bright harness with foam, stood the pack of cards.

Dash started back. "Gracious Heavens! My greys—"

Little Flora threw her arms round him and kissed him some fifty times. "Yes, your own beauties. My noble, generous, darling Lionel, you sacrificed them for your little wife, who can never half repay you. Let her have the joy of giving them back to you. Though they are my rivals, I'm not afraid of them. I got Johnnie to buy them back for you, to surprise you. I know how you love your horses, though I know you love little Flora still better!"

Tears of pleasure stood in her eyes, little goose! but Dash kissed them away, swore she was an angel, with a hundred other like hyperboles, and sprang down the stairs into the street, to put Clubs, Spades, Hearts, and Diamonds, separately. The greys knew him, and tossed their heads and champed their bits harder than ever, while Dash lifted Flora on to the box, took the ribbons, jumped up himself, and set off at a gallop to the Park, where he drove the pack of cards six times round the now empty ring, Flora laughing with a child's glee, and Dash tooling them along with as much delight and go in him as when he was a Rugby boy of nine, and followed his first fox.

And if you go down to Epsom, and look out for the nicest trap on the Downs, you'll be safe to see the pack of cards and my brother Dashwood's drag.

OLD-FASHIONED COURTSHIP.

Lord Bacon, in his history of Henry VII., says: "When the King was ancient, he had thoughts of marrying the young Queen of Naples, and sent three embassadors with curious and exquisite instructions for taking a survey of her person, &c. The following are some of his items in these instructions:—5. Item, especially make and note well the age and stature of the said young queen, and the featurys of her bodie. 6. Item, specially mark the favor of her visage, whether she be paynted or not, whether it be fatte or leene, sharp or rownde, and whether her countenance be cheerful, amyble, frownying or malancolyous, stedfast or light or blushing in communication. 7. Item, to note the clearness of her skynne. 8. Item, to note the color of her hare. 9. Item, to note well her ies, browes, teethe and lippes. 10. Item, to mark well the fascion of her nose, and the heithe and brede of her forehedde. 11. Item, specially to note her complexion. 13. Item, to see her hands bare and to note the fascion of them, whether the palme of her hand be thikke or thynne, and whether her hands be fattee or leene, longe or short. 14. Item, to note her fyngers, whether they be longe or short, sma'e or grate, brode or narrow before. 17. Item, to mark whether there appere any hare about her lippes or not. 18. Item, that they endeavor theym to speke to the said young queen fasting, and that she may tell unto theym some matter at lengthe, and to approsch as nere to here mouthe as they honestly may be, to the extent that they may fele the condition of brethe, whether it be swete or not, and to mark at every time when they speke with her, if they fele any savor of spices, rose waters or musk, by the brethe of her mouthe or not." The answers of the ambassadors were equal to the emergency, as will appear by some extracts of their report:—To the 13th article: As to this articule we saw the hands of the said queen bare at the sondry tymes that we kyssed the said hands, whereby we perseyved the said queen to be right fair handed, and accordeynage unto her personage they be somewhat fully and softe and faire and clene skinned. To the 18th article: As to thys artyoule, we could never come unto the spiche of the said queen fasting wherefore we cowde nor mygght not attayne to knowliche of that part of this articule. To the 22d article: The said queen is a good fedear and eets well her meit twyes on a day, and drynkithe most commonly water, and some time that water ys boiled with synamon and some time she drynkithe ypocras, but not often.

POWER OF THE IMAGINATION.

Dr. Noble, in a very able and analytic lecture at Manchester, "On the Dynamic Influence of Ideas," told a good anecdote of Mr. Boutihouse, a French savant, in illustration of the power of imagination. As Dr. Noble says: "Mr. Boutihouse served in Napoleon's army, and was present at many engagements during the early part of the last century. At the battle of Wagram, in 1809, he was engaged in the fray; the ranks around him had been terribly thinned by shot, and at sunset he was nearly isolated. While reloading his musket he was shot down by a cannon ball. His impression was that the ball had passed through his legs below his knees, separated them from the thighs; for he suddenly sank down, shortened, as he believed, to the extent of about a foot in measurement. The trunk of the body fell backwards on the ground, and the senses were completely paralyzed by the shock. Thus he lay motionless among the wounded and dead during the rest of the night, not daring to move a muscle, lest the loss of blood should be fatally increased. He felt no pain, but this he attributed to the stunning effect of the shock to the brain and nervous system. At early dawn he was aroused by one of the medical staff who came round to help the wounded. 'What's the matter with you, my good fellow?' said the surgeon. 'Ah! touch me tenderly,' replied M. Boutihouse, 'I beseech you; a cannon ball has carried off my legs.' The surgeon examined the limbs referred to, and then, giving him a good shake, said, with a joyous laugh, 'Get up with you, you have nothing the matter with you.' M. Boutihouse immediately sprang up in utter astonishment, and stood firmly on the legs which he had thought lost forever. 'I felt more thankful,' said M. Boutihouse, 'than I had ever been in the whole course of my life before. I had not a wound about me. I had, indeed, been shot down by an immense cannon ball; but instead of passing through the legs, as I firmly believed it had, the ball had passed under my feet, and had ploughed a hole in the earth beneath, at least a foot in depth, into which my feet suddenly sank, giving me the idea that I had been thus shortened by the loss of my legs.'" The truth of this story is vouched for by Dr. Noble.

☞ Take heed of jesting; many have been ruined by it. It is hard to jest, and not sometimes jeer, too; which oftentimes sinks deeper than was intended or expected.—*Fuller.*

THE APPEAL.

BY MRS. BROOKS.

Oh, mother, cease to break my heart!
I vow it now—I vowed it then—
The kiss he left upon my lips—
His lips shall one day take again!

Ah, well I mind the summer eve!
A low scud swept the waning moon;
And o'er the ripened clover-lea
Floated the balmy breath of June.

Among the dreamy woodland glooms,
Alone, we breathed our parting sighs;
Only the silent watching stars
Looked on us, with their holy eyes.

No golden circlet bound our love—
No vow at sacred altar given;
Yet, in that hour, our married souls
Were registered as one, in heaven.

I will not live a guilty thing—
Pillowed upon another's breast—
While every thought I send to him,
Shall scare God's angels from my rest!

Perjured—before a new-born soul!
(*If* such in holy trust were given.)
Mother! I need a clean white hand
To lead a little child to heaven!

Oh, turn away your cruel eyes!
The gold you sell me for is dim:
What need I bargain for the world?
I have my full round world in *him*.

Then, mother, cease to break my heart;
I vow it now—I vowed it then—
The kiss he left upon my lips—
His lips shall one day take again!

MIKE RAGGARTY'S LEGACY.

BY JAMES GREENWOOD.

"Shtop there now!" exclaimed Mr. Raggarty, rising from his seat beside the bright peat fire—the only cheerful looking article of furniture in the wretched cabin—and launching his hat at a group of ragged-headed, bright-eyed boys and girls who were clustered round their mother. "Be aisey wid your castle-building and botheration; shure it's endacent of ye to be laughin', wid the voice of the crater for iver lost to us barely turned the corner!"

"Whist, Michael dear!" said Norah, his wife, restoring Mr. Raggarty's hat, and smoothing him over generally; "it's not disrispictful we are to the mimory iv the pig, poor darlin'! But hear to little Elsie's dhrame. She dreamt that you were hung, dear!—that's what makes us glad; for shure as iver nothing worse than the hanging of ye could happen to us—dhrames being conthrary—some lucky stone will turn up, we may dipind!"

"If I only had hould of that big thief, Pat Sullivan, this minnet, its widout the conthrories yo'd have to do, for it's hung I'd be for him, or divil hinder me!"

Pat Sullivan was a bailiff, and "the crater whose voice was hush'd for iver" was late the porcine property of Mr. Raggarty, but seized by the ruthless Donovan in lieu of rent. And surely, what greater calamity than the sudden abduction of their porker can befall an Irish family in the rural districts! To them he is a hogskin savings-bank, cheerfully accepting the smallest deposits, and returning bountiful interest—a modicum of rich fat bacon for every stray potato or spoonful of porridge. He is treated by the family with as much courtesy and respect as is a rich uncle among his poor relations. Indeed, the "only pig" is in quite as much danger of being spoiled—of becoming a domestic tyrant—as is the only child. If he should fancy a wallow in an adjacent kennel, and, tired of the fun, return to the family parlor, and deposit his muddy carcase along the newly-swept hearth, the act is merely regarded as a pleasant eccentricity—nobody remonstrates; fawning shareholders will even scratch his back, to soothe him to repose. If he should happen, especially during the last few weeks of his reign, to make a raid among the winter store of vegetables, he is called "purty pig," and the most endearing epithets are used to induce him to abandon his prize. If he is busy cleaning out the kettle that has been employed in the manufacture of the matutinal porridge, and which is now wanted to boil the potatoes for dinner, you'll please to wait his pigship's pleasure. But alas! his reign is brief. Like the beautiful captive that was annually selected to represent the old Mexican gods, or—to use a more familiar simile—like a Lord Mayor, twelve months is the extent of his sovereignty. Then, if by chance the greater part of him has not been mortgaged to the mealman, the family who have petted and caressed him to a state of obesity, treacherously fall on and slay him, making puddings of his blood, and bacon of his flesh.

But the Raggarty pig was destined to be cut off in its prime, and before it had arrived at the happy condition above described. In fact, it had barely turned that hayden waspishness for which Irish pigs are somewhat celebrated, when the patch of potatoes failed, as did Raggarty's health, the rent went back, and the inexorable farm-bailiff came forward, and walked off with the animal, and with all Michael's hope of winter cheer.

It was the morning following the day of the pig's departure, when little Elsie, who had had the lucky dream, came rushing in to say that the man with the post-bag had got his pony stuck fast in the lane, and was signalling for assistance from the cabin. At first Michael thought that the postman only wanted a lift out of the bog; but when he reflected that the lane had no thoroughfare—indeed, that his cabin stood squarely blocking up the end—it occurred to him as being just possible that the man might have some business with him; indeed, as he made his appearance at the door, the man on the pony took a letter from his bag, and beckoned Michael Raggarty with it.

"Run, jewel!" exclaimed Norah, his wife, eagerly; "shure it is yourself he wants; it's some news, anyhow—and who knows but that the dhrame about the hanging may come true, after all!"

"Maybe it's a notice to quit," observed the despondent Raggarty, as he tucked up his trowsers, and set out towards the postman.

"Mister Michael Raggarty," read the man from a letter he held in his hand, and which was edged with black, "is that your coggerman, my friend?"

"Is which me coggerman?" replied Raggarty, looking about him. "The woman yander, do you mane? Bad luck to ye, she's me lawful wife, let me tell ye. D'ye take me for a Solomon?"

"Is, or is not, your name Michael Raggarty?" again asked the post-office dignitary.

"That's me, and let me whisper—"

"Then it comes to sevenpence," interrupted the postman, whose pony's legs had, during the colloquy, been sinking deeper and deeper in the black mud; "and the next time you expect a respectival person to bring you anything, pr'aps you will be so good as to get this beastly road mended."

"Ye come widout bein' axed," retorted Michael; "and as to the sivenpence, I haven't the tail iv sich a sum. Maybe you'll thrust me, postman, dear, till you're a comin' my way agin?"

"That isn't likely," said the postman.

"Well, you won't take it away wid ye."

"Won't! Who's to hinder?" returned the man, turning pale.

"It's no matter of hindthering, but of helping," said Raggarty, with a grin. "You'll niver get your pony free widout I help you—and I'll niver help you till you thrust me the sivenpence."

The postman replied with a look of disdain. He replaced the letter in the bag, and gave the pony a smart cut with his whip. Alas! the poor brute might have been a rocking-horse for all the use there was now in its limbs; its legs stuck in the quagmire as though they had been in a vice. Indeed, the lane was untrod soil by any animal save the human and porcine Raggartys, who had a knowledge of the tender places, and avoided them.

In vain was every expedient on the part of the postman to release his quadruped; every endeavor only sunk him the deeper; and at last he was fain to come to a compromise, trusting Michael the postage on condition that he helped him out of the slough. This was finally effected by the rider dismounting (though sorely against his will,) and taking the stem while Michael took the stern of the beast. Thus it was lifted out of the bog by sheer strength, and landed on the foot-path.

But to obtain possession of the letter was one thing, to read it was another. Dan, the scholar of the family, was at school, and Raggarty and his wife knew almost as little of reading as they did of astronomy. The letter was written in a bold lawyer-like hand, and the little of it that Michael and his wife could manage to spell out, only served to fill them with dismay and perplexity. There was something about "death," and "feelings of regret," and "two hundred pounds," and the "leg" of somebody or something,—all seeming to have reference to one Margaret Raggarty, who was Michael's aunt on his father's side, and who had gone to America years before.

"Is'a nayther tail nor tip that I can make iv it," said Michael, stirring his hair with his fingers for the hundredth time. "I wisht our Dan would come home."

"Did ye iver borry anything iv your aunt, dear?" suggested Norah, apprehensively; "and pr'aps they want it back to help bury the poor sowl."

"Niver a farden; she niver had any to lend that the family iver heard of."

"Pr'aps—pr'aps," began Norah, almost afraid to trust herself to say as much, "she's niver bin and saved two hunthred pounds, and—and lift it to you, Michael dear?"

"Whirroo!" exclaimed Michael, cutting a caper that endangered the thatched roof, on the strength of the bare supposition; "that's a most sinsible consthruction to put on it, Norah, jewel! Shure, Elsie, me little darlint, you're the lucky dhramer!"

"But the 'leg,' dear," persisted his wife; "what about the 'leg,' Michael?"

"Divil take the leg," said Raggarty, carried away by enthusiasm. "I'd like to see the leg of the crater that wouldn't be welcome wid sich lashin's of goulden sarce! But here comes the boy that'll set us right in a twinkling."

Great was the surprise of the learned Dan as he approached the cabin, to perceive both his parents waiting to receive him with open arms. Scholar as he was, such attention had never been shown him before, and he regarded these sudden manifestations of welcome with suspicion. He did not make direct for the cabin-door, but cruised on and off, with a good look out for the familiar ash sapling, with which he knew he was in heavy arrears for a number of, as yet, undiscovered delinquencies; nor was he at all reassured when his father, making a sudden run at him, effected his capture by the hair of his head.

"Shtop that, now!" said Michael, as Dan set up a preliminary howl for the licking in perspective, "and take hould here; and mind yourself, me boy, for it all depinds on you whether or no we're come on a suddint to be gintry."

Dan dried his eyes with the balls of his thumbs, and then, sure enough made known to the breathless family, that Aunt Margaret was indeed dead, and had bequeathed to her nephew, Michael Raggarty, the sum of two hundred pounds!

"Hurroo!" shouted Michael in ecstacy, "but it's yourself that's lucky, Mike Raggarty! The kind old sowl to remember me! Sure I'll never get another aunt like Aunt Margaret; but plaze hiven I'll have another pig. Pig! I'll have a shty full of 'em, and we'll be gintlefolks inthirely! Elsie, me dear," continued he, catching up the child with one hand, and his twig with the other, "it's you that's the swate little dhramer! Whirroo! long life to ye, Aunt Margaret! and may angels make yer bed in hivin!" and he struck up a lilt in which the whole family joined.

Now, although the news that the Raggarty pig had been distrained had ere it was two hours old travelled to the remotest corner of Ballyraggan, the unexpected turn in the tide of Machael's fortune was a fact that as speedily got wind. The mealman, who overnight had sent an imperative message concerning that seven and fourpence, hastened himself in the morning to beg pardon for the mistake; it was to a person named Rafferty in Ballyshannon, to whom the message about the seven and fourpence had been sent, and the misdelivery was the fault of his fool of a boy. Other tradesmen in the neighborhood followed the mealman's example, so that, although there was no chance of touching a penny of his fortune for a month at least, Michael discovered that he might at once proceed to make himself comfortable. The facility with which Dan had read off the tremendous news had so impressed his father with the dignity of learning, that Daniel was at once invested in a swallow-tailed coat, and a tall hat, and thus equipped, he went strutting through the village, turning up his nose at all boys who could not read manuscript. Then Norah had a new gown, and a magnificent shawl, and the shoemaker had so many strong new boots to bring home, that his apprentice came with him to carry some of them.

But at last the day came—and an ill-looking blusterous day it was—when Mr. Raggarty was to go for his money. It was a good seventeen miles from Ballyraggan to Dublin, so an hour before daylight, Michael tucked his stick under his arm, and cocking his hat as a two hundred pound man is entitled to, buttoned up his blue coat and trudged off.

An hour later—the bad weather and the rain continning—two other men (each ignorant of the other's errand) tucked *their* sticks under their arms, and pinning up their tattered coats as they best could, started from Ballyraggan, on the road to Dublin. Each wore his hat slouched over his eyes, as though not caring to be recognized. There might have been half a mile's distance between the two men, but judging from the furtive way in which the foremost man took advantage of turns in the road and hedges to pause and look if the behind man was coming on, and finding that he was, growl out an oath and hurry on faster, it was evident that his purpose at least was not innocent. At last the foremost man came to a branching road into which he struck, and on the behind man coming up he still continued the main road. Branch and main, however, joined again a few miles further ahead, and still led to Dublin.

Meanwhile, Michael had reached the city, and had got his wealth snugly buttoned beneath his coat. He stopped a time or two to take a glass to keep out the wet, (it was still raining furiously,) so that it was waning towards evening ere he left the city behind, and struck fairly into the open country. But here it was worse than ever; and before he had got over three miles he was glad of the friendly shelter of a tree that stood alone on the heath, to wring himself out, and straighten up a bit.

Whilst looking round the tree for a convenient bough on which to hang his new hat, while he dried his hair, he discovered that the tree was hollow, and that about six feet up, there was an opening large enough for a man to creep in and out. The tree was a very large one, and before another minute had elasped, Michael was ensconced in comfortable quarters.

He had a good view of the outer world through a convenient knot hole in the wall of his retreat, and had not been in the hollow tree two minutes before he was aware of the approach of two men, from opposite directions. They were the same two wary travellers we left in the morning and each was hastening towards the shelter. Raggarty knew them at once. "Hivin help us," said he, "it's them two poor divils Mat Macarthy and Tim Shaw! I'll trate 'em to a fright first, and a dhram afterwards."

As the men neared each other face to face, further reserve was useless. They boldly confronted.

"Goin' to the city, Tim?" inquired Macarthy, taking off his heavy cap and beating it against the tree.

"No," was the rejoinder, "I'm not going furder—I'm thinking of mateing a frind here!"

"Does your frind expict yer?" said Mat, eyeing his acquaintance narrowly.

"What do ye mane?" inquired Shaw fiercely.

"Because if he doesn't he's much like a frind that I'm expictin' here too."

There was a considerable pause.

"Heard of the sthroke of fortin that's fell on Michael Raggarty?" at last said Shaw, making a pretence to pass his hand over his face that he might get a look at the other from between his fingers.

Now Michael had poked his stick half way through the knot hole with the intention of giving the speaker a dig in the ribs. On hearing his name mentioned, however, he cautiously drew the stick in again, and placed his ear to the hole instead.

"Yis, I have," rejoined Macarthy, "and I've heard another thing, too, and so have you, or I'm much mistaken."

"What have ye heard thin?" said Shaw.

"Why, that this is the night he'll bring his money home, and that this is the road he travels."

There was another pause.

"It's a heap o' money," remarked Macarthy.

"Two hunthred pounds—he'll take it in gould, too, I'll wager," said Shaw.

"That 'nd be a hunthred good gould guineas a-piece," said Macarthy, as though he was talking to himself, "and me jist recovered from me faver!"

"Botheration!" said Shaw, with a counterfeit laugh, "the cat's out now. The fact is, you have come out to meet Michael Raggarty, and so have I!" He held out his hand as he spoke, which Macarthy grasped, and said, "It's agreed on."

Now Michael, within the tree, heard all this; but instead of calling them rogues and thieves he fell to crying and shaking his head as dolefully as his limited space would admit. He had known both speakers from their childhood; had gone a gleaning and a nutting with them and the women who were now their wives, when they were all children together. Michael had never known them to do a dishonest thing before, nor would they, he knew, have meditated evil designs on his property, had not hunger and cold pinched every drop of self-respect out of them. Besides, the temptation was very great.

The two men waited patiently for another half-hour—indeed till it was pitch dark—neither recurring to the business in hand. At last Shaw started again.

"If he don't come shortly," said he, "I'll be thinking he's gone the middle road, and shlipt us after all."

"Well, it's a shtroke of Providence if he has," said Macarthy, "for since we have been standing here I've hit on a schame I think will be safer, and by which he will be less likely to come to harm; for though I want his money, Tim, I wouldn't hurt a hair of his head."

"Let's hear your schame," said Shaw.

"Well, thin," replied Macarthy, "you know that Raggarty's family have left the ould cabin, while it's being put in repair, though Raggarty sleeps there himself. Now I've reason to know that of all things Michael fears nothing so much as goblins. That he won't let the money out of his possession is quite certain—lave him alone for that! Now shuppose that one of us rig oursilves up nately, shteal into his cabin to-morrow midnight, make believe a ghost at his bedside, and frighten him out of his money. It won't be shtaling if he gives it to us, you know!"

"And shuppose he won't give it to us?" suggested Shaw.

"Why, thin we'll be obliged to take it," said Macarthy; "but he'll give it us, you may depind."

They stopped awhile longer, arranging details, and then, as the rain had abated, they took their departure.

No sooner were the forms of the plotters lost in the darkness, than the face of the man who was to be frightened out of his money by goblins appeared at the aperture in the trunk of the tree. Seeing the coast clear, Raggarty drew himself up and leaped nimbly to the ground.

"Saints in hiven!" exclaimed he, "here's the cares of riches! I'm not one of the gintry two hours before I'm beset by thaves and blagards, and am the manes of two of my fellow-craters running their heads into halters if I'd let 'em! Thrust me, though, I'll be quits wid them two rascals, who think to frighten me out of my fortin with an old shate!"

As he neared the village, he called on the iron-monger and made a purchase. That night he lodged all his money with his wife, who was staying with a friend, (they had lots of friends now!) and the greater part of the following day was busy in a shed adjoining his cabin.

The night set in dark and stormy. Violent gusts of wind wrenched at the straw thatch, and came grumbling down the chimney because they could not carry it off. The latch rattled, the rain pattered in the fire till it hissed again, live embers scampered about the brick floor, and the boards forming the old pig-sty in the rear creaked and squeaked as though the spirits of every evil pig ever possessed by Michael were this night holding revel there. Yet Mr. Raggarty sat in the corner, placid and serene, smoking his pipe and enjoying it.

About half-past eleven o'clock he turned into bed, taking care to see that the door was unbolted. Just as the church clock chimed twelve he had the satisfaction to hear first the outer door, and then the door that parted the living from the sleeping room gently open. So he shifted his position and lay with his back to the ghost, whom he heard solemnly stalking across the room.

At last it came to the bedside, and laying one cold hand on the face of the sleeper, pronounced his name.

Michael started up in the bed at once, and there stood the appalling sight! There was Tim Shaw, with his wife's nightcap tied over his face with two little holes torn in the crown to admit of his seeing, and an old white quilt rolled round him!

At sight of the shocking bad ghost, Raggarty was glad to dive beneath the bed-clothes, and stuff the blanket into his mouth, to save him from laughing outright and spoiling the joke. Satisfied with the effect his appearance had produced, the ghost proceeded.

"Misther Raggarty," it said, "I'm me sister Margaret's brother, come from me cold grave to demand me rights!"

"Sphare me, misther sperret, plaze do!" roared Michael, from under the bed-clothes, "take what ye will, but lave me in peace for the love of marcy!"

"Where's the two hunthred pounds me sister wrangfully lift ye?" inquired the ghost in an awful voice.

"In the outhouse at the back," replied Raggarty, in a nearly inarticulate voice, "down at the left hand corner, and under a little heap of bricks!"

The ghost waited to hear no more, but at once hastened to the spot indicated. Raggarty sat up in the bed a moment, and listened. He heard a sharp click, and then a sharp cry, and then he laid down again and slept till daylight.

His first job in the morning was to visit the outhouse, where he found the crestfallen and penitent Shaw, with his leg in a man-trap. After giving him a lecture, and a shilling to get his children some breakfast, Shaw was allowed to depart, taking with him this advice:

"Whin next you brew a plot beneath a tree, me boy, jis tap the thrunk, to be sure that it is not hollow!"

THE RULING PASSION.—Chief Justice Parsons, during his last illness, was unconscious most of the time. After a suspense of all speech so long that his family thought they should never hear his voice again, he suddenly revived, and with perfect distinctness, spoke for the last time on earth that formula which he had used hundreds of times: "Gentlemen of the jury, the case is closed, and in your hands. You will please retire and agree upon your verdict."

Lord Campbell, in his Life of Lord Chief Justice Tenterden, reports that the last words of that eminent jurist were: "And now, gentlemen of the jury, you will consider of your verdict." The similarity of the last words of these learned Chief Justices is quite remarkable.

ENVIOUS CHARACTER OF THE EGYPTIANS.—"At the bottom of this superstition (the 'evil eye') is an enormous prevalence of envy among the lower Egyptians. You see it in all their fictions. Half of the stories told in the coffee-shops by the professional story-tellers, of which the 'Arabian Nights' are a specimen, turn on malevolence. Malevolence, not attributed as it would be in European fiction, to some insult or injury inflicted by the person who is its object, but to mere envy; envy of wealth, or of the other means of enjoyment, honorably acquired and liberally used."—*Archbishop Whately.*

LINES.

[Hear how sweetly from the heart what the world calls a "strong-minded woman" can sing. These lines are by Julia Branch:—]

My little boy lies sleeping. Stirless now
Are the bare feet, so quick and restless lately,
And the blue eyes beneath his thoughtful brow
Are closed sedately.

One hand lies hid among the locks that float,
In careless grace, upon the yielding pillows,
The other on his breast rides like a boat
On Summer billows.

About the couch, where they his waking hide,
His whilom playthings lie in rare confusion;
And underneath, the shoes he thought to hide
In safe seclusion.

He calmly sleeps. The wind moans at the door,
And in the room the firelight's fitful gleaming
Makes pleasant shadows on the crimson floor—
I sit a-dreaming.

I see afar the veiled, uncertain land,
That in the future waits his manhood's coming,
And strive to dissipate, with love's strong hand,
Its mists benumbing.

And is he of that race of laurelled kings,
The wearers of the purple of the Poet?
Or like the heroes whom the Poet sings?
His life will show it.

And if he be a soul from falsehood free,
Though he should wear no laurel, sing no story,
To bear his part with honest men shall be
Enough of glory.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK THE SECOND. THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER IX.

THE GORGON'S HEAD.

It was a heavy mass of building, that chateau of Monsieur the Marquis, with a large stone court-yard before it, and two stone sweeps of staircase meeting in a stone terrace before the principal door. A stony business altogether, with heavy stone balustrades, and stone urns, and stone flowers, and stone faces of men, and stone heads of lions, in all directions. As if the Gorgon's head had surveyed it, when it was finished, two centuries ago.

Up the broad flight of shallow steps, Monsieur the Marquis, flambeau preceded, went from his carriage, sufficiently disturbing the darkness to elicit loud remonstrance from an owl in the roof of the great pile of stable-building away among the trees. All else was so quiet, that the flambeau carried up the steps, and the other flambeau held at the great door, burnt as if they were in a close room of state, instead of being in the open night-air. Other sound than the owl's voice there was none, save the falling of a fountain into its stone basin; for, it was one of those dark nights that hold their breath by the hour together, and then heave a long low sigh, and hold their breath again.

The great door clanged behind him, and Monsieur the Marquis crossed a hall, grim with certain old boar spears, swords and knives of the chase; grimmer with certain heavy riding-rods and riding whips, of which many a peasant, gone to his benefactor Death, had felt the weight when his lord was angry.

Avoiding the larger rooms, which were dark and made fast for the night, Monsieur the Marquis, with his flambeau-bearer going on before, went up the staircase to a door in a corridor. This thrown open, admitted him to his own private apartment of three rooms: his bed-chamber and two others. High vaulted rooms, with cool uncarpeted floors, great dogs upon the hearths for the burning of wood in winter time, and all luxuries befitting the state of a marquis in a luxurious age and country. The fashion of the last Louis but one, of the line that was never to break—the fourteenth Louis—was conspicuous in their rich furniture; but it was diversified by many objects that were illustrations of old pages in the history of France.

A supper-table was laid for two, in the third of the rooms; a round room, in one of the chateau's four extinguisher topped towers; a small lofty room, with its window wide open, and the wooden jalousie-blinds closed, so that the dark night only showed in slight horizontal lines of black, alternating with their broad lines of stone color.

"My nephew," said the Marquis, glancing at the supper preparation; "they said he was not arrived."

Nor was he; but he had been expected with Monseigneur.

"Ah! It is not probable he will arrive to-night; nevertheless, leave the table as it is. I shall be ready in a quarter of an hour."

In a quarter of an hour, Monseigneur was ready, and sat down alone to his sumptuous and choice supper. His chair was opposite to the window, and he had taken his soup, and was raising his glass of Bordeaux to his lips, when he put it down.

"What is that?" he calmly asked, looking with attention at the horizontal lines of black and stone color.

"Monseigneur? That?"

"Outside the blinds. Open the blinds."

It was done.

"Well?"

"Monseigneur, it is nothing. The trees and the night are all that are here."

The servant who spoke, had thrown the blinds wide, had looked out into the vacant darkness, and stood, with that blank behind him, looking round for instructions.

"Good," said the imperturbable master. "Close them again."

That was done too, and the Marquis went on with his supper. He was half way through it, when he again stopped with his glass in his hand, hearing the sound of wheels. It came on briskly, and came up to the front of the chateau.

"Ask who is arrived."

It was the nephew of Monseigneur. He had been some few leagues behind Monseigneur, early in the afternoon. He had diminished the distance rapidly, but not so rapidly as to come up with Monseigneur on the road. He had heard of Monseigneur, at the posting-houses, as being before him.

He was to be told (said Monseigneur) that supper awaited him there and there, and that he was prayed to come to it. In a little while, he came. He had been known in England as Charles Darnay.

Monseigneur received him in a courtly manner, but they did not shake hands.

"You left Paris yesterday, sir?" he said to Monseigneur, as he took his seat at table.

"Yesterday. And you?"

"I come direct."

"From London?"

"Yes."

"You have been a long time coming," said the Marquis, with a smile.

"On the contrary; I come direct."

"Pardon me! I mean, not a long time on the journey; a long time intending the journey."

"I have been detained by"—the nephew stopped a moment in his answer—"various business."

"Without doubt," said the polished uncle.

So long as a servant was present, no other word passed between them. When coffee had been served and they were alone together, the nephew, looking at the uncle and meeting the eyes of the face that was like a fine mask, opened a conversation.

"I have come back, sir, as you anticipate, pursuing the object that took me away. It carried me into great and unexpected peril; but it is a sacred object, and if it had carried me to death, I hope it would have sustained me."

"Not to death," said the uncle; "it is not necessary to say, to death."

"I doubt, sir," returned the nephew, "whether, if it had carried me to the utmost brink of death, you would have cared to stop me there."

The deepened marks in the nose, and the lengthening of the fine straight lines in the cruel face, looked ominous as to that; the uncle made a graceful gesture of protest, which was so clearly a slight form of good breeding that it was not reassuring.

"Indeed, sir," pursued the nephew, "for anything I know, you may have expressly worked to give a more suspicious appearance to the suspicious circumstances that surrounded me."

"No, no, no," said the uncle, pleasantly.

"But, however, that may be," resumed the nephew, glancing at him with deep distrust, "I know that your diplomacy would stop me by any means, and would know no scruple as to means."

"My friend, I told you so," said the uncle, with a fine pulsation in the two marks. "Do me the favor to recall that I told you so, long ago."

"I recall it."

"Thank you," said the Marquis—very sweetly indeed.

His tone lingered in the air, almost like the tone of a musical instrument.

"In effect, sir," pursued the nephew, "I believe it to be at once your bad fortune, and my good fortune, that has kept me out of a prison in France here."

"I do not quite understand," returned the uncle, sipping his coffee. "Dare I ask you to explain?"

"I believe that if you were not in disgrace with the court, and had not been overshadowed by that cloud for years past, a letter *de cachet* would have sent me to some fortress indefinitely."

"It is possible," said the uncle, with great calmness. "For the honor of the family, I could even resolve to incommode you to that extent. Pray excuse me!"

"I perceive that, happily for me, the Reception of the day before yesterday was, as usual, a cold one," observed the nephew.

"I would not say happily, my friend," returned the uncle, with refined politeness; "I would not be sure of that. A good opportunity for consideration, surrounded by the advantages of solitude, might influence your destiny to far greater advantage than you influence it for yourself. But it is useless to discuss the question. I am, as you say, at a disadvantage. These little instruments of correction, these gentle aids to the power and honor of families, these slight favors that might so incommode you, are only to be obtained now by interest and importunity. They are sought by so many, and they are granted (comparatively) to so few! It used not to be so, but France in all such things is changed for the worse. Our not remote ancestors held the right of life and death over the surrounding vulgar. From this room, many such dogs have been taken out to be hanged; in the next room, (my bedroom,) one fellow, to our knowledge, was poniarded on the spot for professing some insolent delicacy respecting his daughter—*his* daughter! We have lost many privileges; a new philosophy has become the mode; and the assertion of our station, in these days, might (I do not go so far as to say would, but might) cause us real inconvenience. All very bad, very bad!"

The Marquis took a gentle little pinch of snuff, and shook his head; as elegantly despondent as he could becomingly be of a country still containing himself, that great means of regeneration.

"We have so asserted our station, both in the old time and in the modern time also," said the nephew, gloomily, "that I believe our name to be more detested than any name in France."

"Let us hope so," said the uncle. "Detestation of the high, is the involuntary homage of the low."

"There is not," pursued the nephew in his former tone, "a face I can look at, in all this country round about us, which looks at me with any deference on it but the dark deference of fear and slavery."

"A compliment," said the Marquis, "to the grandeur of the family, merited by the manner in which the family has sustained its grandeur. Hah!" And he took another gentle little pinch of snuff, and lightly crossed his legs.

But, when his nephew, leaning an elbow on the table, covered his eyes thoughtfully and

dejectedly with his hand, the fine mask looked at him sideways, with a stronger concentration of keenness, closeness, and dislike, than was comportable with its wearer's assumption of indifference.

"Repression is the only lasting philosophy. The dark deference of fear and slavery, my friend," observed the Marquis, "will keep the dogs obedient to the whip, as long as this roof," looking up to it, "shuts out the sky."

That might not be so long as the Marquis supposed. If a picture of the chateau as it was to be a very few years hence, and of fifty like it as they too were to be a very few years hence, could have been shown to him that night, he might have been at a loss to claim his own from the ghastly, fire-charred, plunder-wrecked ruins. As for the roof he vaunted, he might have found *that* shutting out the sky in a new way—to wit, for ever, from the eyes of the bodies into which its lead was fired, out of the barrels of a hundred thousand muskets.

"Meanwhile," said the Marquis, "I will preserve the honor and repose of the family, if you will not. But you must be fatigued. Shall we terminate our conference for the night?"

"A moment more."

"An hour, if you please."

"Sir," said the nephew, "we have done wrong, and are reaping the fruits of wrong."

"*We* have done wrong!" repeated the Marquis, with an inquiring smile, and delicately pointing, first to his nephew, then to himself.

"Our family; our honorable family, whose honor is of so much account to both of us, in such different ways. Even in my father's time, we did a world of wrong, injuring every human creature who came between us and our pleasure, whatever it was. Why need I speak of my father's time, when it is equally yours? Can I separate my father's twin brother, joint inheritor, the next successor, from himself?"

"Death has done that," said the Marquis.

"And has left me," answered the nephew, "bound to a system that is frightful to me, responsible for it, but powerless in it; seeking to execute the last request of my dear mother's lips, and obey the last look of my dear mother's eyes, which implored me to have mercy and to redress; and tortured by seeking assistance and power in vain."

"Seeking them from me, my nephew," said the Marquis, touching him on the breast with his forefinger—they were now standing by the hearth—"you will for ever seek them in vain, be assured."

Every fine straight line in the clear whiteness of his face, was cruelly, craftily, and closely compressed, while he stood looking quietly at his nephew, with his snuff-box in his hand. Once again he touched him on the breast, as though his finger were the fine point of a small sword, with which, in delicate finesse, he ran him through the body, and said,

"My friend, I will die, perpetuating the system under which I have lived."

When he had said it, he took a culminating pinch of snuff, and put his box in his pocket.

"Better to be a rational creature," he added then, after ringing a small bell on the table, "and accept your natural destiny. But you are lost, Monsieur Charles, I see."

"This property and France are lost to me," said the nephew, sadly; "I renounce them."

"Are they both yours to renounce? France may be, but is the property? It is scarcely worth mentioning; but, is it yet?"

"I had no intention, in the words I used, to claim it yet. If it passed to me from you, to-morrow—"

"Which I have the vanity to hope is not probable."

"—Or twenty years hence—"

"You do me too much honor," said the Marquis; "still, I prefer that supposition."

"—I would abandon it, and live otherwise and elsewhere. It is little to relinquish. What is it but a wilderness of misery and ruin!"

"Hah!" said the Marquis, glancing round the luxurious room.

"To the eye it is fair enough, here; but seen in its integrity, under the sky and by the daylight, it is a crumbling tower of waste, mismanagement, extortion, debt, mortgage, oppression, hunger, nakedness, and suffering."

"Hah!" said the Marquis again, in a well-satisfied manner.

"If it ever becomes mine, it shall be put into some hands better qualified to free it slowly (if such a thing is possible) from the weight that drags it down, so that the miserable people who cannot leave it and who have been long wrung to the last point of endurance, may, in another generation, suffer less; but it is not for me. There is a curse on it, and on all this land."

"And you?" said the uncle. "Forgive my curiosity; do you, under your new philosophy, graciously intend to live?"

"I must do, to live, what others of my countrymen, even with nobility at their backs, may have to do some day—work."

"In England, for example?"

"Yes. The family honor, sir, is safe from me in this country. The family name can suffer from me in no other, for I bear it in no other."

The ringing of the bell had caused the adjoining bedchamber to be lighted. It now shone brightly, through the door of communication. The Marquis looked that way, and listened for the retreating step of his valet.

"England is very attractive to you, seeing how indifferently you have prospered there," he observed then, turning his calm face to his nephew with a smile.

"I have already said, that for my prospering there, I am sensible I may be indebted to you, sir. For the rest, it is my Refuge."

"They say, those boastful English, that it is the Refuge of many. You know a compatriot who has found a Refuge there? A Doctor?"

"Yes."

"With a daughter?"

"Yes."

"Yes," said the Marquis. "You are fatigued. Good night!"

As he bent his head in his most courtly manner, there was a secrecy in his smiling face, and he conveyed an air of mystery to those words, which struck the eyes and ears of his nephew forcibly. At the same time, the thin straight lines of the setting of the eyes, and the thin straight lips, and the markings in the nose, curved with a sarcasm that looked handsomely diabolic.

"Yes," repeated the Marquis. "A Doctor with a daughter. Yes. So commences the new philosophy! You are fatigued. Good night!"

It would have been of as much avail to interrogate any stone face outside the chateau, as to interrogate that face of his. The nephew looked at him, in vain, in passing on to the door.

"Good night!" said the uncle. "I look to the pleasure of seeing you again in the morning. Good repose! Light Monsieur my nephew to his chamber there!—And burn Monsieur my nephew in his bed, if you will," he added to himself, before he rang his little bell again, and summoned his valet to his own bedroom.

The valet came and gone, Monsieur the Marquis, walked to and fro in his loose chamber-robe, to prepare himself gently for sleep, that hot still night. Rustling about the room, his softly-slippered feet making no noise on the floor, he moved like a refined tiger:—looked like some enchanted marquis of the impenitently wicked sort, in story, whose periodical change into tiger form was either just going off, or just coming on.

He moved from end to end of his voluptuous bedroom, looking again at the scrape of the day's journey that came unbidden into his mind; the slow toil up the hill at sunset, the setting sun, the descent, the mill, the prison on the crag, the little village in the hollow, the peasants at the fountain, and the mender of roads with his blue cap pointing out the chain under the carriage. That fountain suggested the Paris fountain, the little bundle lying on the step, the women bending over it, and the tall man with his arms up, crying, "Dead!"

"I am cool now," said Monsieur the Marquis, "and may go to bed."

So, leaving only one light burning on the large hearth, he let his thin gauze curtains fall around him, and heard the night break its silence with a long sigh as he composed himself to sleep.

The stone faces on the outer walls stared blindly at the black night for three heavy hours; for three heavy hours, the horses in the stables rattled at their racks, the dogs barked, and the owl made a noise with very little resemblance in it to the noise conventionally assigned to the owl by men-poets. But it is the obstinate custom of such creatures hardly ever to say what is set down for them.

For three heavy hours, the stone faces of the chateau, lion and human, stared blindly at the night. Dead darkness lay on all the landscape, dead darkness added its own hush to the hushing dust on all the roads. The burial-place had got to the pass that its little heaps of poor grass were undistinguishable from one another; the figure on the Cross might have come down, for anything that could be seen of it. In the village, taxers and taxed were fast asleep. Dreaming, perhaps, of banquets, as the starved usually do, and of ease and rest, as the driven slave and the yoked ox may, its lean inhabitants slept soundly, and were fed and freed.

The fountain in the village flowed unseen and unheard, and the fountain at the chateau dropped unseen and unheard—both welling away, like the minutes that were falling from the spring of Time—through three dark hours. Then, the grey water of both began to be ghostly in the light, and the eyes of the stone faces of the chateau were opened.

It grew lighter and lighter, until at last the sun touched the tops of the still trees, and poured its radiance over the hill. In the glow, the water of the chateau fountain seemed to turn to blood, and the stone faces crimsoned. The carol of the birds was loud and high, and, on the weather-beaten sill of the great window of the bedchamber of Monsieur the Marquis, one little bird sang its sweetest song with all its might. At this, the nearest stone face seemed to stare amazed, and, with open mouth and dropped under-jaw, looked awe-stricken.

Now, the sun was full up, and movement began in the village. Casement windows opened, crazy doors were unbarred, and people came forth shivering—chilled, as yet, by the new sweet air. Then began the rarely lightened toil of the day among the village population. Some, to the fountain; some, to the fields; men and women here, to dig and delve; men and women there, to see to the poor live stock, and lead the bony cows out, to such pasture as could be found by the roadside. In the church and at the Cross, a kneeling figure or two; attendant on the latter's prayers, the led cow, trying for a breakfast among the weeds at the Cross-foot.

The chateau awoke later, as became its quality, but awoke gradually and surely. First, the lonely boar-spears and knives of the chase had been reddened as of old; then, had gleamed trenchant in the morning sunshine; now, doors and windows were thrown open, horses in the stables looked round over their shoulders at the light and freshness pouring in at doorways, leaves sparkled and rustled at iron-grated windows, dogs pulled hard at their chains, and reared impatient to be loosed.

All these trivial incidents belonged to the routine of life, and the return of morning. Surely, not so the ringing of the great bell of the chateau, nor the running up and down the stairs, nor the hurried figures on the terrace, nor the booting and tramping here and there and everywhere, nor the quick saddling of horses and riding away?

What winds conveyed this hurry to the grizzled mender of roads, already at work on the hill-top beyond the village, with his day's dinner (not much to carry) lying in a bundle that it was worth no crow's while to peck at, on a heap of stones? Had the birds, carrying some grains of it to a distance, dropped one over him as they sow chance seeds? Whether or no, the mender of roads ran, on the sultry morning, as if for his life, down the hill, knee-high in dust, and never stopped till he got to the fountain.

All the people of the village were at the fountain, standing about in their depressed manner, and whispering softly, but showing no other emotions than grim curiosity and surprise. The led cows, hastily brought in and tethered to anything that would hold them, were looking stupidly on, or were lying down chewing the cud of nothing particularly repaying their trouble, which they had picked up in their interrupted saunter. Some of the people of the chateau, and some of those of the posting-house, and all the taxing authorities, were armed more or less, and were crowded on the other side of the little street in a purposeless way, that was highly fraught with nothing. Already, the mender of roads had penetrated into the midst of a group of fifty particular friends, and was smiting himself in the breast with his blue cap. What did all this portend, and what portended the swift hoisting-up of Monsieur Gabelle behind a servant on horseback, and the conveying away of the said Gabelle (double-laden though the horse was,) at a gallop, like a new version of the German ballad of Leonora?

It portended that there was one stone face too many, up at the chateau.

The Gorgon had surveyed the building again in the night, and had added the one stone face wanting; the stone face for which it had waited through about two hundred years.

It lay back on the pillow of Monsieur the Marquis. It was like a fine mask, suddenly startled, made angry, and petrified. Driven home into the heart of the stone figure attached to it, was a knife. Round its hilt was a frill of paper, on which was scrawled:

"*Drive him fast to his tomb. This, from* JACQUES." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

FLESH COLOR

A country merchant one—an honest wight,
Who loved a joke more than the light—
Was called on fiercely by a negress,
Who looked as wild as any tigress,
For "some stockings, good flesh-colored."
The merchant smiled, and looked awayward,
Then handed down a box—and there, alack!
Were stockings, sure—but they were *black!*

☞ A clever artist depicts an ancient lady, with her hands uplifted and her spectacles dancing from her nose with terror. No wonder; for an urchin in frock and pantalettes has the deadly tube of a rifle pointed at her venerable breast, with the warning,—"You have got to die, grandmammy, for I am bound to have my portrait in the illustrated newspapers!"—*Phila. North American.*

☞ ANOTHER BARRETT.—The following familiar lines, containing so beautiful a tribute to woman, we find, in an exchange, credited to "Mrs. Browning:"

Not she with traitorous kiss the Saviour stung;
Not she denied him with unholy tongue;
She, when apostles shrank, could danger brave:
Last at the cross, and earliest at the grave!

They were not written by Elizabeth Barrett Browning, but by Eaton Stannard Barrett—quite another person—but are just as good as if they were. The above, moreover, is not a correct copy of the lines. The original reads thus:

"Not she with trait'rous kiss *her Master* stung,
Not she denied Him with *unfaithful* tongue;
She, when apostles *fled*, could danger brave,
Last at *His* cross, and earliest at *His* grave."
—*Portland Transcript.*

☞ There is nothing so unnatural, and therefore so revolutionary and convulsive, as the strain to keep things stationary, when all the world is, by the very law of its creation, in eternal progress.—*Dr. Arnold.*

MEMORIES dwell like doves among the trees,
Like nymphs in glooms, like naiads in the wells;
And some are sweet, and sadder some than death.
—*Alexander Smith.*

☞ POETRY OF VEGETABLES.—There's sentiment in vegetables—the cabbage has a head, and the cauliflower a heart.

☞ Common souls pay with what they do; nobler souls with what they are.—*Emerson.*

☞ BREVITY IN CORRESPONDENCE.—There is a story told of a gallant, who wrote to a noted General the following brief epistle:—

"*To General Simpson:*
"Sally has accepted me. Can I have her?
"YOURS, PATERSON."

To which the General replied:

"Go ahead." YOURS, SIMPSON."

☞ RECIPE FOR HAPPINESS.—Go without your dinner, and see if you don't feel happy when it is supper time.

☞ Gentlemen who smoke, allege that it makes them calm and complacent. They tell us that the more they *fume* the less they *fret.*

☞ THE SLEEP OF YOUTH.—Oh! let youth cherish that happiest of earthly boons while yet it is at its command; for there cometh the day to all, when "neither the voice of the late nor the birds" shall bring back the sweet slumbers that fell on their young eyes, as unbidden as the dews.—*Bulwer Lytton.*

☞ All our friends, perhaps, desire our happiness; but then it must be in *their own way;* what a pity that they do not employ the same zeal in making us happy in *ours!*—*Bulwer Lytton.*

☞ The setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun. The brightness of our life is gone. Shadows of evening fall around us, and the world seems but a dim reflection—itself a broader shadow.—*Longfellow.*

☞ The Director of the Dead House, in Paris, has (according to *Figaro*) received the following letter:

SIR:—Our uncle disappeared some days since, and his absence has given us the greatest anxiety. If some accident has happened to him, and he should be taken to your establishment, be good enough to notify us. You will recognize him without difficulty, for he is *deaf and dumb.*

☞ The longest law-suit ever heard of in England was between the heir of Sir Thomas Talbot, Viscount Lisle, on the one part, and the heirs of Lord Berkley on the other, respecting certain possessions not far from Wootton-under-Edge, in the county of Gloucester. It commenced at the end of the reign of Edward IV., and was depending till the reign of James I., when a compromise took place, it having lasted above 120 years.

An old tar came down to the cabin of Nelson's ship one cold drizzly day, with some message, whilst Lady Hamilton was present. Seeing the cold condition of the sailor, she asked which he would prefer, a glass of wine or a glass of brandy. "It don't matter which," replied Jack, "but if your ladyship pleases, I can be drinking the wine while you are pouring out the brandy.

IMPORTANT FOREIGN NEWS.

THE BATTLE OF THE MINCIO.

DEFEAT OF THE AUSTRIANS—SEVEN THOUSAND PRISONERS, THREE FLAGS, AND THIRTY CANNON CAPTURED BY THE FRENCH—LOSS OF THE FRENCH, TWELVE THOUSAND KILLED AND WOUNDED—FIVE FRENCH GENERALS WOUNDED—THE AUSTRIANS PREPARING FOR ANOTHER BATTLE—GENERAL NIEL APPOINTED MARSHAL OF FRANCE—GENERAL HESS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE AUSTRIAN ARMY—PASSAGE OF THE MINCIO BY THE FRENCH.

FARTHER POINT, BELOW QUEBEC, July 8.—The steamship Hungarian, which sailed from Liverpool, has passed this point on her way to Quebec. She brings dates to Wednesday, the 29th ult., and has made the trip in about nine days.

[By the steamer Adelaide at St. Johns on the 4th inst., we had news to the 25th ult., reporting that a terrible battle had been fought on the 24th, on the line of the Mincio, and that the allied forces had achieved a great victory. The battle was said to have lasted sixteen hours, from four in the morning to eight in the evening, but no details were given. The Hungarian brings four days later news, with the following accounts of the conflict:]

The subjoined telegrams contain all that is known in regard to the battle of the 24th of June:

NAPOLEON TO THE EMPRESS.

Carriana, June 25, 1:30 P. M.—It is impossible as yet to obtain the details of the battle of yesterday. The enemy withdrew last night. I have passed the night in the room occupied in the morning by the Emperor of Austria.

Gen. Neil has been appointed a Marshal of France.

Carriana, June 26, 11:30 A. M.—The Austrians, who had crossed the Mincio for the purpose of attacking us with their whole body, have been obliged to abandon their positions and withdraw to the left bank of the river. They have blown up the bridge of Goita. The loss of the enemy is very considerable, but ours is much less. We have taken 30 cannon, more than 7,000 prisoners, and 3 flags. Gen. Neil and his corps d'armee had covered themselves with glory, as well as the whole army. The Sardinian army inflicted great loss on the enemy, after having contended with great fury against superior forces.

The Paris Presse says that private messages from Berne are spoken of, which put down the Austrian loss at the enormous number of 35,000 hors du combat, and 15,000 taken prisoners, together with 16 flags and 75 pieces of cannon. This, however, lacks confirmation.

The following is the order of the day, published by the Emperor Napoleon, after the battle of Solferino.

Carriana, June 25.—Soldiers: The enemy, who believed themselves able to repulse us from the Chiese, have recrossed the Mincio. You have worthily defended the honor of France. Solferino surpassed the recollection of Lonato and Castiglione. In twelve hours you have repulsed the efforts of one hundred and fifty thousand men. Your enthusiasm did not rest there. The numerous artillery of the enemy occupied formidable positions for over three leagues, which you carried. Your country thanks you for your courage and perseverance, and laments the fallen. We have taken three flags, thirty cannon, and 6,000 prisoners.

"The Sardinian army fought with the same valor against superior forces, and worthy is that army to march beside you. Blood has not been shed in vain for the glory of France and the happiness of the people."

No circumstantial account of the battle has reached Paris. It was inferred from the telegrams that the French army suffered so severely that two days after the battle it was still unable to resume the offensive.

There were rumors of 10,000 to 12,000 French troops having been killed and wounded.

THE AUSTRIAN OFFICIAL ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE.—*Verona*, June 25.—The day before yesterday our right wing occupied Pozzolenga, Solferino and Carriana, and the left wing pressed forward as far as Quiddizzolo and Cas-Cloffrelo, but were driven back by the enemy.

A collision took place between the two entire armies at 10 A. M. yesterday. Our left, under Gen. Wimpen, advanced as far as Chiese. In the afternoon there was a concentrated assault on the heroically defended town of Solferino. Our right wing repulsed the Piedmontese, but on the other hand the order of our centre could not be restored, and our losses are extraordinarily heavy. The development of powerful masses of the enemy against our left wing, and the advance of his main body against Volta, caused our retreat, which begun late in the evening.

Vienna, June 25.—The Austrian correspondence contains the following:

The day before yesterday the Austrian army crossed the Mincio at four points, and yesterday came upon the superior force of the enemy in the Chiese. After an obstinate combat of twelve hours, our army withdrew across the Mincio. Our headquarters are now at Villa Franca.

WAR ITEMS.

The London Times says that the Austrians have most candidly admitted their defeat, and that history scarcely records a bulletin in which such a disaster is more explicitly avowed.

There has been no circumstantial account of the battle published at Paris.

Private dispatches intimate that the French army has suffered so severely as to be unable to resume the offensive. Vague rumors also put the French loss in killed and wounded at twelve thousand. The battle was fought at Solferino, and will be called, says the Monteur, the battle of Solferino.

The Austrians are preparing for another great battle under Gen. Hess, who has already displaced Gen. Schlick as commander-in-chief.

The Emperor Napoleon was constantly in the hottest part of the battle, and Gen. Larrey, who accompanied him, had his horse killed under him.

The Sardinians fought with great fury against superior numbers.

Generals Anger, Forey, Dieu and L'Admirault, were wounded slightly at Solferino.

TURIN, Tuesday.—The Piedmontese were principally engaged at San Martino; they performed prodigies of valor, and took formidable positions, but could not hold them, owing to a fearful tempest. The Piedmontese drove the Austrians from San Martino, retaining five of their cannon. Serious losses are admitted.

A dispatch from Vienna says that the attack of the French on Venice and Tagliamento, about 45 miles northeast of Venice, was expected to take place on the 28th of June.

The Austrian reserves, numbering 175,000 men, were on their way to Italy. They are considered the flower of the Austrian army, not a man of them having served less than eight years.

The Austrians have sunk five small vessels, a large frigate and the three steamers in the port of Malamicco, to prevent the passage of the French squadron.

The official Austrian Correspondence of the 27th of June, contains the following: "The Emperor of Austria will soon return to Vienna on account of important business. The command in chief of the army, which is preparing for battle, is given to Gen. Hess.

The Paris correspondent of the London Times says that another battle is expected, and is considered inevitable before the siege operations can commence.

Large reinforcements are constantly leaving France.

The Gazette de France says that preparations were making to get together within two months, a force of 450,000 men.

Forty thousand men were embarking in Algeria for the Adriatic, and at Paris news was expected of the occupation of Venice by the French.

A dispatch from Berne says that 3,000 Piedmontese, with 700 volunteers, had arrived at "Tirano," and advanced to Bormio, at the foot of the Stelvio pass.

Prince Napoleon arrived at Parma, on the 25th, and was received with enthusiasm.

An English fleet of twenty sail is said to be cruising off Venice.

THE ATTITUDE OF PRUSSIA.—The advices from Frankfort-on-the-Maine state that, on the 25th of June, Prussia made a proposal to the Federal Diet, to place a corps of observation on the Rhine, to be composed of the 7th and 8th Federal *corps d'armee*, under the superior orders of Bavaria. The proposal was referred to the Military Committee.

The Paris *Siecle* and *Journal des Debats* ridicule the idea of German mediation, on the bases which rumor has placed in circulation.

GREAT BRITAIN.—It is stated that, in consequence of but few reinforcements having been sent to India for several months, the authorities had determined on sending out nearly 5,000 cavalry and infantry.

The Prince of Wales returned to England.

The Atlantic Telegraph Company has issued proposals for subscriptions to the new capital of £600,000.

The Atlantic Telegraph Company, in issuing proposals for subscription to the new stock, pledge themselves to enter into no contract without seeking the advice of the highest scientific and practical authorities of England and America. The first operations are to be to endeavor to raise the old cable.

The Submarine Telegraph Company have successfully laid a new cable, containing six conducting wires, between Folkestone and Boulogne. It is the largest and strongest cable ever made, its weight being ten tons to the mile.

The elections for members of Parliament, to fill the seats vacated by those who have accepted office in the new ministry, were generally resulting in the election of the government candidates. Mr. Gladstone, however, was being closely pressed for Oxford University by the Marquis Chandes.

The London *Advertiser* makes the extraordinary assertion that Louis Napoleon has made up his mind at the first favorable opportunity to make a descent on the shores of Ireland.

FRANCE.—The news of the victory on the 25th imparted much buoyancy to the Paris Bourse, and the Rentes advanced nearly one per cent. On the 27th there was a relapse, three fourths of the advance being lost. On the 28th the market opened with a still farther decline, but rallied, closing steady at 62f. 30c.

Trade in Paris was tolerably brisk. The Corn market was dull, on account of favorable harvest prospects.

The Sardinian Ambassador at Paris is reported to have complained to the English government against the Secretary of the British Embassy at Paris for anti-Sardinian manifestations.

Patriotic demonstrations by the working classes in Paris were universal.

There was to be a *Te Deum* on the Sunday following the battle of Solferino in all the churches of France, in celebration of the victory. The Empress and all the great bodies of the State attend at Notre Dame.

Great naval preparations are going on at Cherbourg.

THE PAPAL STATES.—A dispatch from Rome announces that Ferrara, Ravenna, Forli, Ancona, and other towns have been replaced under the authority of the Pope, by the intervention of the Papal troops.

The Swiss troops, which were sent from Rome to suppress the rising at Perugia, had had a desperate encounter with the people, shooting them down indiscriminately. The officer who commanded the Swiss troops in the affair is said to have been promoted.

AUSTRIA.—The Vienna correspondent of the London Times asserts that for the last ten years matters have been so terribly mismanaged in Austria, that it will be almost miraculous if the Empire escapes dissolution.

In an autograph letter the Emperor has caused ordinances relative to the Protestants in Austria to be issued, without waiting for the revision of the Council of State.

NAPLES.—*Naples, June 26.*—By a decree just issued, 137 refugees are permitted to return, and all other Sicilians holding permission and promising obedience to the laws.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.—Liverpool Cotton Market, June 28.—The Brokers' Circular reports the Cotton market dull. Holders were offering freely, but showed no disposition to press sales at less than their quotations, which were barely maintained.

State of Trade—The Manchester markets were quiet but dull.

Liverpool Breadstuffs Market—Messrs Richardson & Spence's Circular reports the Breadstuffs market very dull, and the prices have a declining tendency. Flour had a declining tendency; sales unimportant. American was quoted at 10s 6d@13s 6d. Wheat was also declining, but there is no change in the quotations; red is nominally quoted at 8s@9s 10d; white at 9s 6d@10s 6d, and Southern at 10s@12s. All qualities of Corn had slightly declined; mixed was quoted at 5s 10d@5 11d; yellow at 5s 11d@6s, and white at 8s@8s 6d.

Liverpool Provision Market—Provisions were generally dull. There was a dull market for Beef, Pork and Bacon, and Lard is reported heavy, and slightly declined in price.

Liverpool Produce Market—Sugar was quiet; Rosin was steady; Spirits of Turpentine steady; Carolina Rice steady.

London Markets—Baring Brothers report Wheat active, and advanced 1s; Sugar firm.

London, June 28—The Wheat market was active, and in some cases had advanced 1s. Sugar was firm for the best qualities; the inferior grades had declined 6d; Coffee was buoyant for the good qualities, but heavy for inferior; Rice firm; Tea steady; Tallow firm at 55s 9d; Linseed Oil 29s.

London Money Market, June 28—The money market was slightly more stringent and active.

American securities are generally unchanged. Illinois Central shares were quoted at 40a38s discount.

☞ We find in a French author this small witticism:—A magistrate of Languedoc having lost his wife, wished the province to bury her at its own expense. One of the deputies said, that such a thing could not be seriously thought of, "but if," he continued, "it were yourself, sir, we would bury you willingly!"

☞ THE TRUE GENTLEMAN.—He is courteous and affable to his neighbors. As the sword of the best tempered metal is most flexible, so the truly generous are most pliant and courteous in their behavior to their inferiors.—*T. Fuller.*

☞ An old divine, cautioning the clergy against engaging in violent controversy, uses the following happy *simile:*—"If we will be contending, let us contend like the olive and the vine, who shall produce the most and the best fruit; not like the aspen and the elm, which shall make the most noise in the wind."

☞ There is a certain charm about great superiority of intellect that winds into deep affections, which a much more constant and even amiability of manners in lesser men often fails to reach. Genius makes many enemies, but it makes sure friends—friends who forgive much, who endure long, who exact little; they partake of the character of disciples as well as friends. There lingers about the human heart a strong inclination to look upward—to revere; in this inclination lies the source of religion, of loyalty, and also of the worship and immortality which are rendered so cheerfully to the great of old.—*Bulwer Lytton.*

A SELF-PROPELLING FIRE ENGINE.—NOVEL SIGHT.—The new steam fire engine of the Southwark Hose Company of this city propels itself. She was brought on from New York to Bristol by railroad, from which place she came the remaining twenty miles herself. The appearance of the machine along the roads and in our streets attracted much attention. It is the only self propelling engine in Philadelphia, and it is claimed for it that it will be more economical in running than the other machines, requiring no horses or ostlers to attend it. It is a large, heavy-looking mass of machinery, occupying 16 feet in length, by 9 or 10 feet in breadth. The next day, the engine, with 17 passengers, making an aggregate weight of 13,000 pounds, made the tour of the city. The engine moved slowly up Third street, amid the cheers of a multitude, comprising about twenty-five hundred people, of whom the major portion came running beside and behind her. She passed up Third to Arch street. Some of the crowd then manifested a disposition to climb upon the engine, when the engineer checkmated their expectations by increasing the speed to the rate of ten miles an hour, which left the multitude behind, staring in round-eyed wonder at the gradually disappearing monster. At the corner of Tenth street, she turned down, went on to Lombard, and back again to the engine house. During all this time the seventeen passengers persisted in retaining their seats, and enjoyed the ride quite as much as if taken in an ordinary wagon.

The running gear of the engine is beautifully arranged. She turns a corner in as neat a manner as could be desired, and goes up and down hill as well as upon level ground. She can be driven at a *creep*, or at a speed of fifteen miles an hour, and can be stopped instanter. The machine consumes its own smoke and gas, and makes no more noise when in motion than an ordinary dray. We feel satisfied that, in point of efficiency, as well as economy, she will be found preferable to any steam engine now in use. The mate to her, in use in New York, throws a two-inch stream two hundred feet, and an inch stream as far as it will go without breaking. Three of them already in use in New York have saved hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of property, that would have been been destroyed but for their assistance.

SLEEP is a god too proud to wait in palaces,
And yet so humble, too, as not to scorn
The meanest country cottages;
His poppy grows among the corn;
The halcyon sleep will never build his nest
In any stormy breast.
'Tis not enough that he does find
Clouds and darkness in the mind;
Darkness but half his work will do,
'Tis not enough—he must find quiet, too.
—*Cowley.*

☞ It was a prime joke of Canning's, who, when told by an eminent doctor that poverty was a virtue, said,

"Well, I never knew till now what making a virtue of necessity meant."

☞ Sharon Turner has expressed a belief that the Creator appointed insect transformations to strengthen and confirm the innate sentiment that lurks in every human heart, that death is only one advancing step in the path of life immortal!

☞ A vain fellow, who commanded a small vessel, but who tried to appear bigger than the captain of a first-rate man-of-war, told his cabin-boy one day, that he had company coming on board to dine; and that when he asked him for the silver-handled knives and forks, he must tell him they were gone on shore to be ground; and answer in the same strain any other questions he might ask. He did so. The knives and forks went off very well. The next question was, "Where is that large Cheshire cheese, boy?" "Gone ashore to be ground, sir!"

☞ If there be anything thoroughly lovely in the human heart, it is affection! All that makes hope elevated, or fear generous, belongs to the capacity of loving.—*Bulwer Lytton.*

☞ An English missionary, now in Sumatra, lately wrote home that he "had the melancholy satisfaction of examining the oven in which his predecessor was cooked."

☞ The inclination to goodness is imprinted deeply in the nature of man; insomuch, that if it issue not towards men, it will take unto other living creatures; as it is seen in the Turks, a cruel people, who nevertheless are kind to beasts and give alms to dogs and birds; insomuch, as Busbequius reporteth, a Christian boy in Constantinople had like to have been stoned for gagging, in wagishness, a long-billed fowl.—*Lord Bacon.*

☞ The Brunswick Telegraph gives in proof that a hen is immortal, that "her son never sets."

I AM never merry when I hear sweet music.
—*Shakspeare.*

☞ Lady Mary Wortly Montague used to say that the only thing which reconciled her to being a woman, was that she would never be obliged to *marry* one.

☞ THE GOOD OF RECREATION.—No enjoyment, however inconsiderable, is confined to the present moment. A man is happier for life from having made once an agreeable tour, or lived for any length of time with pleasant people, or enjoyed any considerable interval of innocent pleasure.—*Sydney Smith.*

☞ An admiring friend writes to us:—"I make bold to send you a conundrum made by my little grand-daughter on the occasion of the departure of one of her elder brothers on a voyage for health. I omit her lisp, but otherwise give her words: 'Why,' asked she, 'is Fred like a man that has fallen off a tree, and is determined to go up again?' *Ans.*—'Because he is going to try another *clime!*' Not bad for an eight-year-old, is it?"

☞ After all, the most natural beauty in the world is honesty and moral truth. For all beauty is truth. True features make the beauty of a face; and true proportions the beauty of architecture; as true measure that of harmony and music. In poetry, which is all a fable, truth still is the perfection.—*Shaftesbury.*

☞ Politeness is like an air-cushion—there may be nothing solid in it, but it eases jolts wonderfully.

☞ When Voltaire was told that a friend of his was studying to become a physician, he exclaimed, "Why will he be so mad? He will have to thrust drugs of which he knows little, into a body of which he knows less."

THE secret pleasure of a generous act,
Is the great mind's great bribe.—*Dryden.*

☞ The paper having the largest circulation—the paper of tobacco.

☞ It may sound like a paradox, yet the breaking of both of an army's wings is a pretty sure way to make it fly.

NEWS ITEMS.

CHARLES ROTH, a well known merchant tailor of this city, recently, committed suicide by taking strychnine. Some years ago he retired from business, with sixty thousand dollars of his earnings, and became a stockbroker; but unfortunate speculations in that line soon stripped him of every cent, and he was obliged to go back to tailoring again. His fate affords another melancholy instance of the fearful results of the stock gambling mania.

THE BALLOON "ATLANTIC'S" EXPRESS BAG FOUND.—OSWEGO, N. Y., JULY 6.—The express bag sent by the United States Express agent, from St. Louis for New York, in the balloon "Atlantic," was picked up yesterday in the Lake. It contains over forty letters, one enclosing athousand dollar draft on a New York bank.

THE Austrian Government has declared, in the most formal manner, that the cruelties attributed to Gen. Urban, in Count Cavour's proclamation, were entirely unfounded.

A FEARFUL WARNING.—On the 4th of July, fifteen persons, men and boys, had their hands severely injured in this city by the use of pistols, most of whom will lose a portion of the hand, if not all of it. Three others were injured in the face, one of whom has lost the sight of an eye.

GINSENG.—Schieffelin, Brother & Co., merchants of New York, say:—

"As several papers have published notices of the immense quantities of ginseng now being gathered in Minnesota and other Western States, you will doubtless be the means of saving the poor diggers the loss of their time, and shippers or buyers their money, by publishing the fact that the autumn is the only time for getting the root in its perfect state. The first specimen of the Minnesota root was shown us yesterday, and is spongy, shrivelled, lean, and fibrous, utterly worthless for shipment to China, and will hardly sell for home use, for which the demand is quite limited.

"We have been flooded with letters from Western merchants on this subject, and it did not occur to us until quite recently that they were digging now, but that it was what had been dug last fall.

PRINCE PONIATOWSKI, the sole representative of the Royal family of Ancient Poland, who has escaped from exile in Siberia, on account of his attachment to Protestantism has come to this country, intending to become a citizen. He is lecturing at Portland and Newburyport on Siberia and Russia, but means to go west for his residence.

ALMOST all, if not all, the special correspondents of the French journals at the theatre of war have been sent back to Paris. The police lately ordered the French journals not to say anything more about the battle of Magenta, and in consequence the account which M. Texier sent to the *Siecle* was suppressed. That journal was reduced to excuse itself to its readers by saying, "Our correspondent has sent us such a harrowing account of the battle of Magenta, that we think it desirable to suppress it, not to distress our readers." It is reported that the Emperor, in giving an order for the expulsion of the correspondents, said, "These gentlemen describe my battles as they would a new piece at the circus."

THE highest point attained during the late balloon voyage was a little over two miles. The balloon was charged with 75,000 feet of gas at the starting. The aeronauts are well satisfied with their trip, and are confident that aerial navigation for great distances is entirely practicable. The trip cost Mr. Oager alone some two thousand dollars.

A GENTLEMAN announces in the Buffalo (N. Y.) Advertiser that he will deliver a lecture in that city, in the course of which he will exhibit "a model of his steam battering-ram, by which two men can whip out any war vessel now afloat, without firing a gun or losing a man; and also a model cannon, that will load, aim, fire and swab itself out."

AT Oska oosa Iowa, a young woman, whose husband came home drunk the other day, took down an ox goad, and chastised him most gloriously—until he promised not to do so again. He laid the blame upon a friend who asked him to drink. She then whaled him again for not having stability to refuse.

A CHILD, in Albany, N. Y., was kicked by a horse, whose vicious habits were known to the owner. The child died, and the case came up before a coroner's jury, who looked into the statute book, and returned a verdict of "guilty of manslaughter in the third degree" against the owner of the horse.

"THE CAVALIER," a new novel by G. P. R. James, has been published in Philadelphia by Peterson. This story has been published in the Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post*, the last chapter of it having just appeared in that paper. And, here we will take occasion to say that the *Saturday Evening Post* is the best literary paper of its class in the country.—*Worcester Spy.*

THE OBERLIN RESCUERS, &c.—MUTUAL LET OFF.—Cleveland, July 6.—The trial of Jennings, Lowe, Mitchell and Davis, for kidnapping, was called up to-day, when, at the instance of their counsel, an arrangement was made by which *nolle prosequis* were entered in their cases, as well as those of the Oberlin rescuers, who were in prison awaiting trial. The prisoners on both sides were then discharged.

TEMPERATURE OF THE EARTH'S SURFACES.—The temperature of the earth at any place varies on the immediate surface daily, but at the depth of a comparatively few feet it becomes uniform at all seasons, and, except in a few peculiar situations, corresponds pretty nearly to the average temperature of the air at that place. Thus, in temperate climates, the extreme cold of winter causes the freezing of a few inches or feet of the surface, but a few rods below is found the uniformly moderate temperature of spring water. In the torrid zone this underlying earth and moisture is warmer, and in the frigid it is colder. In travelling towards either pole a line is finally reached where the solid earth is permanently frozen, and when the warmth of summer thaws a stratum at the surface only, leaving an eternally frozen foundation below. In this extraordinary situation many trees and grasses flourish, and mankind are at this moment subsisting on similarly inhospitable soils.

When Adolphus Ermann, the famous German scientific traveller, second only to Humboldt, was exploring Siberia, in 1829, he found in the little town of Yakutsk, on the river Lena, in latitude 62 deg., an American residing as agent of a company, and found him employing, with more enterprise than scientific knowledge, a number of laborers in the, to them, unheard of business of digging a well. They had worked their way, by hard picking, to a depth of 50 feet, but it was densely frozen, and, according to the experiments of our traveller, who applied his thermometer to the freshly uncovered surfaces, the temperature at that depth was 6 deg., E. or 18½ deg. Fahr., being 13½ degrees below the freezing point. He advised an abandonment of the labor, as it appeared from a calculation based on the well known rate at which the temperature of the earth increases on descending into it, that a depth of 360 feet perpendicular would have to be reached before a dividing line would be found which should separate the frozen from the unfrozen earth. The thawing at that point in summer extended only three feet down, yet agriculture was carried on with some success, and summer wheat and rye produced very finely. This Siberian town, it may be remarked, is only a little farther north than St. Petersburgh, and is far south of Behring's Straits, where it is now contemplated to extend a telegraph across to connect the two Continents. It is on a much lower latitude than the southernmost point of Iceland, is some seven degrees south of Kola, in Lapland, and is nearly as far south of Spitsbergen as the vine growing valley of the Ohio is south of Cape Farewell, in Greenland.—*From the Cincinnati Scientific Artisan.*

MORE WONDERFUL THAN THE MAMMOTH CAVE.—Dr. D. L. Talbot, in commencing a series of articles for the Fort Wayne Times, in regard to the Wyandotte Cave, makes the following comparison between Wyandotte and Mammoth caves: Wyandotte cave, one of the most extensive and remarkable in the world, is situated in Crawford county, Indiana, about twenty-five miles below New Albany, on Blue river. I have called it a remarkable cave. The Mammoth Cave of Kentucky has hitherto been designated as the greatest known cave in the world. It may startle your scientific readers to hear me assert the fact, that there is one stalagmite alone in Wyandotte Cave more massive than all the stalagmites and stalactites in Mammoth Cave put together. This cave I have surveyed and mapped a distance of twenty miles in length, and there are numerous avenues. I have never penetrated to their end, although I have visited the cave for scientific and other purposes, over a dozen different times—spending on one visit four days and nights within its darksome halls.

The Mammoth Cave is distinguished more for its vastness than its beauty; the Wyandotte for its great extent, its mammoth hall, its lofty ceilings, reaching frequently to the height of 207 feet, and especially for its numerous and beautiful natural fountains, which almost continually meet the eye in every direction. A portion of this cave has been known and visited for over forty years. This portion is about three miles in length, and is termed the Old Cave.

In 1850 a new door from within the old cave was discovered, which extended the caves united to about twelve miles in extent. In 1853 a still newer discovery of ingress was accidentally made, which has added eight or ten miles thereto, and disclosed a plan of formation more extensive and more beautiful than any heretofore known. This cave contains every kind of formation peculiar to the Mammoth and other caves, besides some very peculiar and unique formations found only in Wyandotte Cave.

MIXING UP THE BABIES.—The Weaverville (Cal.) Journal gives the following account of an affair, which, however it may move the laughter of our readers, was a rather cruel piece of business:—Some time ago there was a dancing party given "up north;" most of the ladies present had little babies, whose noisy perversity required too much attention to permit the mothers to enjoy the dance. A number of gallant young men volunteered to watch the young ones while the parents indulged in a breakdown. No sooner had the women left the babies in charge of the mischievous devils, than they stripped the infants, and changed their clothes, giving to one the apparel of another. The dance over, it was time to go home, and the mothers hurriedly took each a baby, in the dress of her own, and started, some to their homes, ten or fifteen miles off, and were far on their way before daylight. But the day following there was a prodigious row in that settlement; mothers discovered that a single day had changed the sex of their babes; observation disclosed startling physiological phenomena, and then commenced some of the tallest female pedestrianism; living miles apart, it required two days to unmix the babies, and as many months to restore the women to their naturally sweet dispositions. To this day it is unsafe for any of the baby-mixers to venture within the territory.

A MINISTER FINED.—The Rev. J. W. Bicks, of Placer county, California, has been convicted and fined $500 for marrying Miss E. McDonald to John Hale, without the consent of her parents, she being under age.

☞ TRUE HUMILITY.—We cannot think too highly of our nature, or too lowly of ourselves.—*Dr. Young.*

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing dull.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1856		
" " '62	106	—
" " '67	109	—
" " '68	109	—
" 5 " coupon '74	—	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	98	98½
" " new	102	102½
" 5 "	—	84½
Pitts 6 pr ct	75	—
" 5 coupon	—	65
All'gy City 6 pr ct	65	75
" County "	—	—
R R issue	—	48
Penn 6 pr ct	102	—
" 5 "	89	90
Tenn 6 pr ct	90	—
" 5 " coupon	72	75
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	104½
Missouri 6 "	89½	—
Ohio 6 " 1856 1024	—	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	96½	98½
Virginia 6 "	97½	—
Indiana State 5 pr ct	92	—
Ca., State 7 pr ct new bonds	91½	92
N Y City 1872-5	114	116
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	130	133
Philadelphia	114	115
Far & Mec	56½	58
Commercial	43½	49½
N Liberty	61	—
Mechanics	26½	28½
Southwark	63	—
P Township	35	—
Kensington	64	68
Girard	46	47
Western	—	60
Man & Mech	25½	26
Commerce	69	—
Tradesman's	52½	—
City	44	47½
Consolidation	25	25½
Commonwealth	20	21
Corn Exchange	—	25
Germantown	—	58
Pittsburg, Pittsb'g	56	—
Exchange	54	—
Kentucky Ky.	—	117½
Northern "	132	133
Louisville "	113	114½
Farmers "	—	150
Union, Nash, Tenn	109	110
Planters "	119	120
N O Gas Light	140	—
Com & R R Bank Vicksburg	7	74
Washington Gas Light Co	—	21
Lehigh Zinc	1	11
New Creek	1	—
New Granada	—	1
N America Ins'ance	14½	—
N Liberties Gas	—	51
Southwark & Frankford RR	—	60
Bonds	92	—

	Bid.	Asked
RAILROAD STOCKS & LOANS.		
Pennsylvania R R 1st mort bonds	100½	—
" 2nd "	87½	87½
stock interest off	30½	30
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds 1854	—	95
stock	123	125
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds '70	80	91
" mort 6's '44	92	94
" " '88	69	71
stock	20½	20½
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	87	89
stock	40	42
Phila, Wil & Balt stock	38	38
6 pr ct loan '60	93	—
Ches Val R R 78	40	—
Tioga R R 75	—	95
Will'ms & Elmira 7's 1st mort	—	67
" 2d "	35	45
stock	5½	6
Catawissa	4	5
Beaver Meadow stock	56	56½
preferred 10 pr ct	58	—
North Penna R R stock	8½	9½
6 pr ct loan	63	64
Phil Ger & Nor RR stock	50½	51
6 pr ct loan	97	102½
Minehill R R	56½	58
Har and Lan R R stock	56½	57
bonds '61	90	—
L. Sahuylkil R R stock	16	17
Long Island R R stock	10	10
bonds	81	83
Erie R R stock	6	—
Hudson River R R	314	—
N Y Centrs "	72½	—
Michigan Central	47½	48½
Illinois "	52½	60
Michigan Southern	8	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'lk Nav 6 pr ct loan '82	—	69
imp. 6 pr ct	75	78
stock preferred	17½	18
Lehigh Nav stock	43	43½
mort 6 pr ct	—	98
scrip "	26½	27
Morris Canal'd preferred	35½	55
Ches & Del	41	—
bonds	77½	—
Union	2	2½
bonds	29	31
Sus & Tidewater bonds 1878	2½	4
	30	35

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, July 9, 1859.

PENNSYLVANIA.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis
Relief notes ¼ dis
NEW JERSEY.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis
DELAWARE.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis
MARYLAND.
Baltimore ¼ dis
Solv bks ¼ to ½ dis
NEW YORK.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis
MAINE.
Solv bks ½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.
Solv bks ½ dis
VERMONT.
Solv bks ½ dis
CONNECTICUT.
Solv bks ½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.
Solv bks ½ dis
RHODE ISLAND.
Solv bks ½ dis
VIRGINIA.
Solv bks ½ to ½ dis
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.
Solv bks ½ dis
NORTH CAROLINA.
Solv bks ½ to 1 dis
GEORGIA.
Solvent banks ½ dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.
Solv bks ½ dis
ALABAMA.
Solv bks 1 to 3 dis
MISSISSIPPI.
All bks uncertain
LOUISIANA.
Solv bks ½ dis
OHIO.
Solv bks ½ dis
KENTUCKY.
Solv bks ½ dis
INDIANA.
State bank ½ dis
ILLINOIS.
Solv bks 2 dis
MISSOURI.
Solv bks ½ dis
TENNESSEE.
Old banks 2½ dis
MICHIGAN.
Solv bks 2 dis
WISCONSIN.
Solv bks 2 dis
TEXAS.
Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston 10 dis
CANADA.
Solv bks ½ dis

☞ HOW TO INSCRIBE A TRIANGLE IN A QUADRANGLE.—Bring a pig into the quadrangle, and I will set the college dog at him, and he will take the pig by the ear; then come I and take the dog by the tail, and the hog by the tail, and so there you have a triangle in a quadrangle.—*Dr. Kettle's definition, according to Aubrey.*

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The Flour market has been extremely dull during the past week. Supplies come forward slowly. The only sales reported for export are 500 bbls good Western Extra Family on terms kept secret; 200 bbls choice Superfine at $6.25; and 1500 bbls common Extras at $5,75@6. At the close the market was unsettled and Superfine nominally held at $6. Small sales to the retailers and bakers at $6@6.25 for Superfine; $6,25@6,50 for Extra, and $6,50@7 for Extra Family and fancy. Rye Flour has also been very dull, and prices have declined 25c ₱ bbl. Sales of 500 bbls, in lots, at $4,25, and a small lot at $4. Corn Meal was extremely dull, at the decline noted last week, there being little or no demand, but since a good inquiry has sprung up, and the market closed with more firmness. Sales of 800 bbls Pennsylvania at $3,75. There is nothing doing in Brandywine Meal.

GRAIN—There has been rather more old Wheat offering since our last report, the receipts by railroad and water having increased; we again reduce our quotations 15@16c ₱ bus. Sales of 6000 bus, in lots, at $1,40@1,60 for fair and prime Red, and $1,50@1,70 for White—closing with sales at our lowest quotations. The first sample of new Wheat of the season were from Delaware and Maryland, and of very superior quality. Sales of 1000 bus Delaware Red at $1,50@1,55 ₱ bus, and 100 bus fair Maryland White at $1,50. Rye has come forward slowly and the inquiry continues limited. Sales of 2500 bus Pennsylvania at 85c, and some at 88c. Corn—The receipts have fallen off, and the offerings have been very light. There is a fair inquiry, and prices have advanced 7c ₱ bus. Sales of 6500 bus Pennsylvania and Southern, afloat, at 82@85c early in the week, and since at 87; 89@90c—closing at the latter figure, including a lot of White at 85c. Buckwheat meets a very limited inquiry. Small sales at $1,75@1,85 ₱ bus. Oats—The supply early in the week was far in excess of the demand, and prices were unsettled and lower, but since, there has been more inquiry. Sales of 10,000 bus prime Pennsylvania at 41@44c—chiefly at 42c—and 3000 bus Delaware at 40@43c—closing at 42@42½c.

PROVISIONS—The market generally has been quiet, although for Bacon there has been a fair inquiry. Pork is held with a little more firmness. 200 bbls sold at $17,50, on time, and small lots $18. Prime ranges from $14 to $16 ₱ bbl, as in quality. City packed Mess Beef sell, for ship's stores, at $16@18. Bacon—There has been less inquiry, but prices are well maintained, with light receipts, and a reduced stock. Sales of 4@500 casks at 10@12½c for plain and fancy canvassed Hams; 9½@9¾c for Sides, and 7½@7¾ ₱ lb, 60 days, for Shoulders. Of Green Salted Meats the stock is very much reduced, and holders generally are firm in their demands. Sales of Hams, in pickle, at 10c, and in salt at 8½c; Sides 8½@9c, and Shoulders at 7½c, 60 days. Lard is very quiet. The stock is light, and the demand limited. Sales of Western bbls at 12c, and kegs at 13½@13½c @ lb, on time. Butter is plenty and dull. Sales of solid packed at 9@12c, and Roll at 10@15c. A lot of 25,000 lbs grease Butter sold at 7½@8c. Cheese is in steady demand, and prices are ½c higher, in consequence of the advance in New York. Sales of 250 bxs second quality New York at 8@8½c, and about 300 bxs prime at 9@9½c. Eggs command 17@18c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—The stock of the finer grades, which have been most in demand, is now very much reduced, while for grades below middling there is no inquiry, and they are only saleable at comparatively low prices. Sales of 675 bales, chiefly Upland, at 10c for inferior up to 12½, cash, for middling fair, including some Gulfs at 11@12½c ₱ lb, on time, and 65 bales repacked on private terms.

BARK—The receipts and stocks of Quercitron Bark continue very small and it has been in good demand. Sales of 40 hhds No 1 at $27,50 ₱ ton, at which figure it is wanted. Tanners' Bark is plenty and dull. Small sales of Chestnut at $9,50@10, and Spanish at $13 ₱ cord.

BEESWAX—There is very little offering. Small sales of Yellow at 30c ₱ lb, cash

COAL—The advance in the rates of freight and toll has induced holders to advance their rates correspondingly. There has been a moderate inquiry for the supply of Eastern markets, but the receipts from all sources continue large.

COFFEE—The market continues quite firm with a moderate inquiry. Sales of 1500 bags Rio at 10½@12c for common and choice quality; a cargo of 5000 bags 9½@12c, 30, 60 and 90 days and 4 mos—averaging $10,55; 400 bags St Domingo at 10c, and Laguayra at 11½c ₱ lb, 4 mos.

COPPER is dull at 27c for English Sheathing.—Yellow Metal commands, in a small way, 20c ₱ lb, 6 mos.

FEATHERS are not inquired after. The last sale of Western was at 45@47c.

FRUIT of all kinds are very quiet. Green Apples are beginning to come forward, and command $2@2 50 ₱ bbl, as in quality. Dried Apples sell slowly at 8@8½c. Dried Peaches are nominal at 8@12c for unpared, and 12@16c for good and prime pared. Blackberries are selling at 37½@50c ₱ bucket, and Green Apples at 30@50c ₱ basket.

HEMP—There is no American here, and it is not wanted.

HIDES—There have been no arrivals, and there is no stock here in first hands.

HOPS are unchanged. Small sales of new Eastern and Western at 10@16c.

IRON—The market presents no new feature. Pig Metal is exceedingly dull, and prices are nearly nominal. Sales of 400 tons Anthracite, in small lots, from store, at $23@24; $22 and $21 ₱ ton, 6 mos for the three numbers. In Scotch Pig there is nothing doing. Blooms are not inquired after. Sales of Charcoal at $62@65 ₱ ton, 6 mos.

LEAD—There is nothing doing in Pig Lead, and we continue our former figures.

LEATHER—The market is now nearly bare of both Spanish Sole and Slaughter Leather, and there is a good inquiry at full prices.

LUMBER—The demand is gradually falling off for all descriptions. 80,000 feet Virginia Yellow Pine Boards sold at $15@16 ₱ M feet. Spruce Flooring ranges from $12,50 to $14. Cedar Shingles are dull at $19@26 ₱ M. A cargo of 205,000 feet St. Johns Pickets, and 20,000 do Laths sold on terms not made public.

MOLASSES—The market is extremely quiet, but prices remain without change. The only sales reported are 374 hhds, 43 tcs, 5 brls Cardenas at about 24c.

SPIRITS are rather quiet. N E Rum is selling as wanted at 36@38. Whiskey has been dull. Sales of Ohio bbls, which are scarce, at 28c; 400 Pennsylvania do at 26½@27c; hhds at 25c, and Drudge at 25½c.

SUGAR—The market has been quiet during the past week, but at the close there was a better tone and more firmness in prices. Sales of 250 hhds Cuba at $6. 27 hhds Porto Rico at $6,75, and 365 hhds New Orleans at $6,12½@7, on time.

SEEDS—There is a fair inquiry for Clover-seed, but the receipts are trifling. 250 bushels sold, in lots, at $5,50@6 ₱ 64 lbs—the latter rate for prime, from second hands, which is an advance. Timothy is scarce and in demand. Sales of 500 bushels at $2,50 ₱ bushel.

TALLOW has been dull, and prices are nominal. Sales of City Rendered at 11@11½c. cash.

TOBACCO—There is a moderate inquiry for some descriptions of Manufactured, but Leaf is dull and the transactions are unimportant.

WOOL—The new clip is coming in more freely, but buyers are not disposed to operate to any extent, except at lower figures, and the sales have been to a moderate extent only, at from about 40 up to 50@52c net for common to full blood and fine fleece.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

July 9.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour has declined 10@12c; sales of 5500 bbls at $5,40@5,80 for State, $6,00@6,60 for Ohio, and $6,00@6,50 for Southern. Wheat has a declining tendency; sales of white at 175@178c; Western red at 150@153c; and Milwaukie Club at 116c. Corn is scarce, and has advanced; sales of 10,000 bus at 90c for mixed and yellow. Oats are steady at —@51c. Pork is steady at $16@16,12½. Lard heavy. Whiskey is firmly held at 27@27½c.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
H. DEXTER & CO., Nos. 14 & 16 Ann St., N. Y.
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HOPE.

There is yet hope for the dyspeptic! Do not despair, if you *have* been unable to find relief. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS will cure any and every case of Dyspepsia. It will cure every case of Liver Complaint. It will remove the yellow and sallow appearance from the skin and eyes. It will restore the nervous system to its original vigor, and give entire health to the body. For sale by all druggists and dealers in medicines at 75 cents per bottle.

FRECKLES.—Of all the effects that exposure of the skin to the air or sun produces, the most disagreeable is called freckles or tan. If spread over the entire surface of the parts exposed, it is called tan; if scattered at intervals, freckles. The finest skins are most subject to them. The KALLISTON, prepared by Joseph Burnett & Co., Boston, contains a peculiar evasive property which will remove these disagreeable stains. It is at the same time perfectly harmless, allays all tendency to inflammation, and renders the complexion clear and beautiful.—*Boston Herald.*

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

Monday being the 4th of July, there was a small attendance at market, and a limited number of Beef Cattle were offered. Prices ruled about the same as last week. The following sales were made at Martin's Avenue Drove Yard:—39 head I Abrahams, Del co 10@11½; 40 G McConnell, by McQuaid, Ohio, 10½@11; 40 D W Bradley, Ill, 9@10; 45 B C Baldwin, Ohio, 9@10½; 100 Mooney & Smith, do, 9@11½; 8 A Hackman, Lancaster co, 9@10; 46 W Ward, Ohio, 8@10; 16 N Wents, do, 9@10; 6 C Murphy, do, 9@10; 36 J Sanderson, Va, 8@10½; 50 Franks, Ohio, 8@9; 36 A Redehaugh, Chester co, 9@10½; 25 J McClees, 8½@9½; 30 A Carr, by Eckman, Ohio, 9@9½. Sheep—About 3000 head arrived and sold during the week at from $3,75 to 4,25 gross.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 9th ultimo, at St. James's, Piccadilly, by the Rev. W. J. Deane, Rector of Ashen, Essex, assisted by the Rev. W. B. Marriott, M. A., Eton College, W. MALING, son of the late Paul Marriott Wynch, Esq., B. C. S., to LILLIE, daughter of Geo. Wildes, Esq., Elm Bank, granddaughter of Alex. Henry, Esq., of Woodlands, near Manchester, formerly M. P. for S. Lancashire.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. T. W. J. Wylie Mr. HENRY A. THOMAS, of Milroy, Mifflin county, Pa. to Miss REBECCA J. BROWN, of this city.

In Piermont, N. H. on the 4th instant, by the Rev. J. S. Davis, Mr. C. W. CLOUGH, of Warren, to Miss SYRENA E. WEBSTER, of Wentworth.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. Wm. H. Odenheimer, Mr. WILLIAM P. BARNARD, to Miss ELLEN H. EASTWOOD, both of this city.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. S. Christman, Mr. CHARLES DOONE, to Miss HATTIE MCALISTER, both of this city.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, LEWIS H. SWENNEY, to Miss REBECCA EDGAR, both of this city.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, JOHN B. GRISSON, of Charleston, S. C. to Miss SARAH A. JONES, of this city.

In Manayunk, on the 1st instant, by the Rev. A. Culver, Mr. JAMES T. DUMPSTER, to Miss CHRISTINA THOMPSON, both of Mill Creek Montgomery county, Pa.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. And. Manship, Mr. MAULON S. BRINK, of Warren county, N. J. to Mrs. EMMA PATTERSON, of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. T. A. Fernley, Mr. THOMAS L. BANCROFT, to Miss MARY J. BONHAM, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 4th instant, MARGARET CARR, aged 70.
On the 4th instant, Mrs. BELINDA CLARKSON, aged 100 years.
On the 4th instant, GEORGE DAUGHERTY, aged 64 years.
On the 4th instant, Mrs. JANE B. WILSON, wife of John G. Wilson, V. D. M.
On the 4th instant, Mrs. MARY MANCHESTER, aged 23 years.
On the 5th instant, Mr. JOSHUA G. BEAL, aged 46 years.
On the 5th instant, GEORGE LENDREM, aged 41.
On the 3d instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH MONAHAN, aged 25 years.
On the 3d instant, LATTIA, wife of Wm. Thomas, aged 56 years.
On the 2d instant, CHARLES WHITEHEAD, aged 51 years.
On the 1st instant, CHRISTIANNA GROSS, aged 61 years.
On the 2d instant, ROBERT L. son of Thos. and Esther Hopkins, aged 35 years.
On the 2d instant, MARY J. JOHNSON, wife of C. N. Cadwallader, aged 20 years.
On the 2d instant, Mrs. MARY RIFFORD, aged 66 years.

SUMMER STOCK REDUCED.

L. J. LEVY & CO.,

In accordance with their custom at this period of the year, give notice to the public and their customers, that they have

REDUCED THE PRICES

OF ALL THEIR

SUMMER DRESS GOODS,

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A NICE DISTINCTION.

Judge Campton, of the North Carolina bench, is a bright ornament of his profession; but his solemnity of phiz and stately dignity are the subject often of merriment to the youngsters of the bar. Your old friend Ham Jones and he were always the best of friends; but the latter was wont to take occasion frequently to discompose his Honor's gravity in the trial of causes by throwing in some witticism or droll remark that sometimes would prove irresistible.

Ham was the solicitor of the Sixth Judicial Circuit for many years, and in that capacity indicted a man by the name of M'Caleb *for stealing bacon*. The cause was tried at Cabarrus Court, and Mr. Ellis (now the Governor of North Carolina) defended him. The proof was that the meat had lately been taken out of pickle and hung up. It was barely discolored with smoke, and not near being cured. The prisoner's counsel took the ground that the proof did not sustain the charge in the bill of indictment; for it appeared that his client had taken *pork*, and not *bacon*. The solicitor replied. He insisted the article was properly denominated, for that it was not necessary that meat should be thoroughly *cured* before it becomes bacon; that these two words *pork* and *bacon* served rather to indicate the condition in which it was while undergoing the process of curing; that while it was in the salt, in bulk, it was called *pork*, but immediately on being hung up it was properly *bacon*; "and to show," says he, "that I am right, I will relate to your Honor an anecdote."

The brow of the Judge assumed rather a stormy aspect, but this did not intimidate the incorrigible wit.

"Your Honor need not be afraid for the decorum of the court; for my illustration is strictly *legal* and *historical*. Sir Nicholas Bacon once presided at the trial of a man named Hogg, for some hanging matter, and, upon his conviction, asked him what he had to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon him. The culprit, who was an impudent fellow, said he didn't think his Honor ought to sentence him, for that they were akin.

"'How do you make that out?' asked the Judge.

"'Because your name is *Bacon*, and my name is *Hogg*, and these two should belong to the same family.'

"'I beg your pardon,' says the Judge; 'hog has to be *hung* before it becomes bacon.'

"*E converso*," argued the solicitor, "when hog is *hung* it becomes *bacon*, and the charge in the indictment is correct."

The Judge stuffed his handkerchief in his mouth, and after a while commanded his countenance long enough to give poor M'Caleb the *benefit of clergy*, which in this instance means thirty-nine lashes, and adjourned the court for dinner.

On the occasion of settling some *little preliminaries* between the dinner-bell and the gong, the Judge said, in a very grave way, that *that* was the only joke he ever heard that was worth anything; but *it was good, for it convinced him of the correctness of a legal position.*

Don't Trust to your Dictionary.—A German, whose English education had been somewhat neglected, obtained an interview with an English lady, who, having recently lost her husband, must (as he in his unwashed German condition took for granted) be open to new offers, and accordingly opened his business thus:—"Highborn madam, since your husband have *kicked de bucket*—" "Sir?" interrupted the lady, astonished and displeased. "Oh, pardon! nine, ten tousand pardon! Now I make new beginning—quite oder beginning. Madam, since your husband have *cut his stick*—" It may be supposed that this did not mend matters, and, reading so much in the lady's countenance, the German drew out an octavo dictionary, and said, perspiring with shame at having a second time missed fire, "Madam, since your husband have *gone to kingdom come*—" This he said beseechingly; but the lady was past propitiation this time, and rapidly moved towards the door. Things had now reached a crisis; and, if something were not done quickly, the game was up. Now, therefore, taking a last hurried look at his dictionary, the German flew after the lady, crying out, in a voice of despair, "Madam, since your husband—your most respected husband—your never-enoff-to-be-worshipped husband—have *hopped de twig*—" This was his sheet anchor; and, as this also came home, of course the poor man was totally wrecked. It turned out that the dictionary he had used (Arnold's, we think,) a work of one hundred and fifty years back, and, from more German ignorance, giving slang translations from Tom Brown, L'Estrange, and other jocular writers—had put down the verb *sterben* (*to die*) with the following worshipful series of equivalents:—1. To kick the bucket; 2. To cut one's stick; 3. To go to kingdom come; 4. To hop the twig; to drop off the perch into Davy's locker.—*De Quincey.*

A New Exposition.—Parson B——, the pastor of a Hard-Shell Church in Middle Georgia, on one occasion selected for his text the following verse from Second Corinthians: "Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes *save one.*" The exposition of his text was as follows:—

"My brethren and sisters, from the reading uv the tex we find that Paul suffered a heap in the flesh. He was beat and bruised and striped a great many times by the wicked Jews; for the tex says, 'five times received I forty stripes *save one*,' and that time nobody knows how many stripes they did give him, for our tex doesn't say any thing about that; but, my brethren and sisters, judgin' from the wicked natur uv the Jews, I think they beat him nigh unto death!"

☞ Bassompierre, the French Ambassador to Spain, was relating to Henry IV., the particulars of his entry into Madrid. "I was mounted," he said, "on the smallest mule in the world." "Ah!" exclaimed the King, "what an amusing sight! An ass upon a mule!"—"Very good, sire," retorted Bassompierre, "I was your Majesty's representative."

PAT AND THE WEDDED PAIR.

"Last month Gen. Sampson Dove, of Winepuss, married the darter of the American Keounsel (consul) to Dublin, Miss Jemima Fox. Did you ever see her, stranger?" "Never," I said. "Well, that's a cruel pity, for you would have seen a peeler, I tell you—a real corn-fed gal, and no mistake. Just what Eve was, I guess, when she walked about the garden, and angels come to see her, and weren't so everlastin' thin and vapory, like sunbeams. Well, they first went to Killarney on a wedding 'tower,' and after they had stared at the lovely place till they hurt their eyes, they came down here to see the Groves of Blarney, and what not. Well, the gineral didn't want folks to know they were only just married, for people always run to the winders and doors to look at a bride, as if she was a bird that was only seen once in a hundred years. It's onconvenient, that's a fact, and it makes a sensitive, delicate-minded gal feel as awkward as a wrung boot. So says the gineral to Pat, 'Pat,' says he, 'don't go now and tell folks we are only just married; lie low, and keep dark, will you? that's a good fellow.' 'Bedad, never fear, yer honor, divil a much they'll get out of me, I can tell you. Let me alone for that; I can keep a secret as well as ever a priest in Ireland.' Well, for all that, they did stare, in a way that was a caution to owls; and well they might, too, for it ain't often they saw such a gal as Miss Jemima, I can tell you; though the Irish gals warn't behind the door when beauty was given out—that's a fact. At last the gineral see something was in the wind, above common, for the folks looked amazed in the house, and they didn't seem over half pleased either. So says he, one day, 'Pat,' says he,' 'I hope you did not tell them we were only just married, did you?' 'Tell them you was just married, is it, yer honor?' said he; 'let me alone for that! They were mighty inquisitive about it, and especially the master—he wanted to know all about it, entirely. Married, is it?' says I; 'why they ain't married at all, at all; the divil a parson ever said grace over them! But I'll tell you what—(for I was determined it was but little truth he'd get out of me)—I'll tell you what,' says I, 'if you won't repeat it to nobody, they are goin' to be married in about a fortnight, for I heard them say so this blessed day, with my own ears.' If the gineral wasn't raving, hopping mad, it ain't no matter. In half an hour he and his wife were on board the steamer for England, and Pat is in bed here yet from the licking he got."—*Dublin University Magazine.*

Agricultural.

THE EXPERIMENT TRIED.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Hockersville, Dauphin Co., Pa., June 27, 1859.

Mr. Editor:—Dear Sir: In your issue of the 25th inst., there is a request that readers should test and report upon the efficacy of the elder bush as a protection from the ravages of insects on melons, cucumbers and other plants.

A year ago I tried the experiment, under the following circumstances: In passing through a patch of melons in my cornfield, I saw that unless I could drive them away, the striped bugs would destroy all my hopes of melons. I at once went to the house to get something to *drive the bugs away*. On entering, I found the *Saturday Evening Post* had just been brought. I at once opened its broad leaves, and here I saw elder leaves recommended. I laid down the paper, went to the field, gathered a quantity of elder leaves, and placed them on the hills, when away flew all the bugs, and I was troubled with their visits no more. My plan now is to place elder leaves on the hills of melons, cucumbers, &c., as soon as they come up. This is a certain shield.

On my relating the above to a neighbor, I learned that strewing elder leaves on each layer of sheaves, when mowing grain, is a certain protection from the ravages of weevil. Will some of the readers of the *Post* try this experiment, and report upon it. I have no weevil, or I would. Respectfully, yours,

D. W. Miller.

Hog Cholera.—Much has been said in the Agriculturist at different times with regard to the disease called hog cholera, which should be called, stoppage of the issues. There is on the inside of the fore-leg of every hog, opposite the knee joint, three small ducts or pipes which connect directly with the lungs of the animal. In every healthy hog, there is a continual discharge from them, of a thick offensive matter, causing the hair to look greasy around them. Now if those issues get stopped as they often do, the hog will die in a short time unless they are opened, which is done by inserting a wire about the size of a knitting-needle into the issues from ten to twelve inches, being careful not to punch through the membranous lining. After the opening process, anoint the inside of the leg with salt grease, and rub with a cob until the skin looks very red, and in nine cases out of ten, if done in season the cure is effected.

The first symptoms of this disease are loss of appetite, lameness in the limbs attended with a cough, as the lungs are the seat of the disease, and after death are covered with black spots. Hogs that are confined in small pens, or a large number together, are most liable to the disease. I have never known an instance of it where hogs had plenty of room, and free access to a brook or river of clear running water.

William Lee.

Fairfield Co., Ct.

Corn.—But little is to be said about the Corn crop, as it is to be hoped the working is completed. If you must, however, work it in this month, keep the implement as far off from the corn as your work will allow. *Cultivate alternate rows.* That is, go over your field, leaving every other row untouched, so that every hill of corn will have its roots on one side uncut. Then begin again, going through the rows not worked before; by this time those roots first cut will have recovered in a measure from the damage done them.—*Amer. Farmer.*

CANDID.

Cook.—"Fine day, Mr. Chalks!"

Mr. Chalks.—"Yes, Cookey, it's a very fine day; but if we haven't some rain soon, I don't know what we shall do for Milk!"

PRUNE FRUIT TREES NOW.

Not excessive pruning, and indiscriminate cutting and slashing after the practice of the newly arrived Englishman, who was making openings "to let the *hair* in," but more or less pruning must needs be done, especially in orchards which have not received proper care in former years. If fruit trees are properly trained from the time they leave the nursery until they arrive at maturity, a common pruning knife will be the only implement needed, except in accidental splitting down of branches. But taking things as we find them—with the cross growth chafing the bark, a compact and too crowded head, limbs already beginning to decay—there are branches from three to four inches in diameter which must needs be removed, for the future best interests of the orchard.

To doctor such an orchard we would, during the latter part of July or early in August, take a light ladder, a narrow, fine toothed saw, a sharp pruning knife and a pot of shellac dissolved in alcohol with a paint brush in it, and commence operations. It is useless to attempt to make a full grown orchard, whose pruning has been neglected, look like the well formed, evenly balanced and short jointed trees which have yearly received a judicious cutting-out and shortening-in, from the time they were first planted. This is out of the question. In cases of doubtful expediency, we would give the tree the benefit of the doubt by leaving the branch, or in other words we would leave a somewhat thick top rather than make too many wounds to heal over.

Select a limb, saw it off *close to the body of the tree or larger branch*, being careful that its weight does not cause it to split down just before falling. Pare the wound smooth and coat with the shellac to keep out water and prevent sun-checking. When done during this month (July) the later growth of the season will commence to roll over the smooth cut and in a few years the new wood will unite upon the two sides and scarcely leave a scar. If an ax is used, leaving a stub of some six inches in length, the new growth fails to cover this cut; the stub begins to rot and let in water, which still further hastens decay even towards the heart of the tree.

Again there is no free sap now in the tree to be both lost and converted into a poisonous acid upon the trunk. The abundant foliage also protects the wounds which without shade or covering of some kind would crack in the sunshine.

We know that early Spring pruning has strong advocates, with many of the old school cultivators, some contending that their fathers and grandfathers pruned at that season, and consequently it must be the best time. Others ask why let the tree grow from May to July, and then throw away this very growth, and still others say July is a busy month, while we have plenty of time in February and March.

Answering the last first, we say, if you cannot afford the needful time to attend to fruit trees, you cannot expect success, and may as well give up fruit growing. Again, it is not always found that the practices of our forefathers brought with them from an entirely different climate, are best suited to our wants, and they are gradually abandoned or changed.

Let us also ask what is gained in point of growth by cutting off a limb in spring and allowing the sap to escape, or let that same sap form wood which in turn is cut away? With small shoots of but one year's growth the time of pruning is not very essential. The old directions to "prune at any time when the tools are sharp," may answer for these. But on large limbs, give us July and August for pruning in this latitude.—*American Agriculturalist.*

Trap for Snails.—Snails are particularly fond of bran; if a little is spread on the ground, and covered over with a few cabbage-leaves or tiles, they will congregate under them in great numbers, and by making a morning examination, and destroying them, the numbers will be greatly decreased.

Millet or Hungarian Grass.—If you have not a prospect of abundant food for your stock during winter, you may still sow this crop. On rich or well manured, and well prepared ground, it will yield a large crop of good hay. Sow broadcast half bushel of seed per acre.—*Amer. Farmer.*

SOW TURNIPS.

Some farmers have talked and written against turnips for stock, and justly so, if their own experience were the test. Cattle or other animals fed almost exclusively on turnips, for weeks together, will not thrive well. But there is no doubt that a moderate feeding of turnips with dry fodder is better than dry feed alone. Every keeper of live stock should raise some turnips. They can be grown at little cost. Every one can at this season find some ground that may be devoted to their culture. The seed may be sown at any time this month (July.) Where a drill-sower is not at hand, and it is not convenient to harrow or dig it in, the seed may be sown broadcast upon the surface. A large part of it will generally take root, even if left uncovered. We intend to go over our own corn and potatoes, and through the vegetable garden, this month, with a dish of turnip seed and a rake or hoe in hand, and where ever there is a square foot not certain to be needed by plants already growing, the seed will be scattered, and raked into the surface a little. It will be sown between the rows of the earlier varieties of corn, and that to be cut up for fodder; also among early potatoes, between the rows of peas in the garden, etc.—in short, wherever a single turnip can have room to develope itself, even late in the Autumn, there a few seeds will be left—the superfluous plants to be removed when they crowd each other. In this way we shall get a good supply at very little cost. They will probably be stored in the cellar, or in covered heaps, at less than 10 cents per bushel. Having seed, we sow the Long white French variety exclusively, but almost any variety may be sown up to the close of July—the earlier the better for rutabagas.—*American Agriculturist.*

A Bundle of Recipes.—From the letters of our correspondents we condense several valuable recipes, and present them in a single article:

To Remove Films from the Eyes of Cattle.—I have not found a surer remedy than finely pulverized earth, occasionally blown into the eye through a quill.—T. R. W.

Cure for Horn-Ail, or Hollow Horn.—If the hair of the end of the tail is in rolls or curls, cut off one inch of the tail. Then turn the animal's head on one side, and pour boiling water upon the lower horn till he dodges, and then take the other horn. By this time the animal will sweat, and 3 or 4 ounces of mustard seed ground, should be given in some kind of feed.—P. L. Evans.—*Richburgh, N. Y.*

Wash for Wounds, Corks or Collar Galls.—1 oz. white vitriol, 1 oz. copperas, 1 tablespoonful gun-powder, 1 qt. soft water. After washing the parts with hot soft water, and wiping dry, apply the above wash with a sponge or cloth. H.—*Fulton.*

Cure for Fistula or Poll Evil.—Procure a handful of Poke roots, put in one gallon of water, and boil till the strength is out—after which, boil down the liquid to one quart. Then add half pint spirits turpentine, and half pint oil of spike, and simmer away to a quart. Add 4 oz. blue vitriol, and it is ready for use. Wash the sore with soap suds, and when dry, apply the liniment once a day.—*Country Gent.*

Greasing Trees.—It is not clear to every one whether smearing trees with pitch or grease in order to keep off insects is mischievous or not; some people asserting that such applications are highly dangerous, others that they are highly beneficial. Considering how important it is to settle this point, Mr. Jamson has recorded in the *Monatsbericht fur Pomologie* the result of some experiments that he has tried.

A mixture of tar and whale oil was applied to some fruit trees six years old in perfect health, in the spring before they were quite in leaf. 1. A tree, the trunk of which was covered all over by the mixture, pushed feebly; when the tar became firm the bark burst in various places, and began to bleed there. By the autumn the tree was well nigh dead. 2. When the trees had their stems covered only one-third or half-way up, they took very little harm, pushing freely the year afterwards. 3. When only a ring a hand's breadth wide was tarred they took no harm at all.

Hence it is to be inferred that a mixture of tar and whale oil may be safely used to form a ring which caterpillars or other insects that crawl up trees from the ground cannot possibly pass.—*London Agricultural Gazette.*

☞ Corn is cleansed with wind, and the soul with chastenings.—*George Herbert.*

Poppies as Food for Pigs.—I have remarked a curious thing as regards the feeding of pigs. In a sandy field of mine, a part of which had been dug up and not planted, a large quantity of poppies grew and completely covered the ground. Not knowing what to do with them, I asked a farmer how I should act, and he advised me to give them to the pigs. This I did, and was surprised to find how fond they were of them, eating them up clean, and with evident relish, and preferring them to other food as long as they lasted. The pigs improved in flesh, and one of them which was unusually noisy became quiet even when his feeding time came round. No doubt the poppies had some somniferous effect: but no injurious symptoms followed, and the bowels were not constipated, as I thought would perhaps have been the case. I had never heard of it before; and perhaps this may induce others whose land produces a large crop of poppies to try this novel way of feeding their pigs.—*Corres. of London Field.*

To Prevent the Feet from Slipping in Haying Time, etc.—C. T., Queens Co., N. Y., recommends tacking the soles of old rubber shoes on the bottoms of boots or shoes during the haying season, to prevent the feet slipping. Leather becomes very smooth by walking over stubble, and the mower sometimes finds it difficult to "get a good hold" as he advances forward to swing his scythe. It is also a good precaution to put on rubber shoes with corrugated bottoms when going on to a sloping roof, as there is less danger of slipping—unless the roof is very wet, when one should not go at all.—*American Agriculturist.*

Useful Receipts.

To Clear a Room of Mosquitoes.—Mr. Editor: I have tried the following, and find that it "works like a charm:" Take of gum camphor a piece about one-third the size of an egg, and evaporate it by placing it in a tin vessel and holding it over a lamp or candle, taking care that it does not ignite. The smoke will soon fill the room and expel the mosquitoes. One night not long since I was terribly annoyed by them, when I thought, and tried the above, after which I neither saw or heard them that night, and next morning there was not one to be found in the room, though the window had been left open all night.—*Pee Dee Times.*

Tomatoes in a New Style.—The Harrisburg (Pa.) Union says:—"As the tomato season will soon be here, the following method of preparing them for the table, we are assured by one who has made the experiment, is superior to anything yet discovered for the preparation of that excellent article:—Take good ripe tomatoes, cut them in slices, and sprinkle over them finely pulverized white sugar, then add claret wine sufficient to cover them. Tomatoes are sometimes prepared in this way with diluted vinegar, but the claret wine imparts to them a richer and more pleasant flavor, more nearly resembling the strawberry than anything else."

Raspberry Vinegar.—Put a pound of very fine ripe raspberries in a bowl, *bruise them well*, and pour upon them a quart of the best white wine vinegar; next day strain the liquor on a pound of fresh ripe raspberries, bruise *them* also, and the following day do the same, *but do not squeeze the fruit, or it will make it ferment*; only drain the liquor as dry as you can from it. The last time pass it through a canvas bag previously wet with the vinegar, to prevent waste. Put the juice into a stone jar, with a *pound of sugar to every pint of juice*; the sugar must be broken into lumps; stir it, and when melted, put the jar into a pan of water; let it simmer, and skim it; when cold, bottle it; it will be fine, and thick, when cold, like strained honey, newly prepared.

Jam.—It is generally known, that boiling fruit a long time, and *skimming it well, without the sugar*, and *without a cover* to the preserving-pan, is a very economical and excellent way—economical, because the bulk of the scum rises from the *fruit*, and not from the *sugar*, if the latter is good; and boiling it without a *cover*, allows the evaporation of all the watery particles therefrom, the preserves keep firm, and well-flavored. The proportions are, three-quarters of a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit. Jam made in this way, of currants, strawberries, raspberries, or gooseberries, is excellent.

Red Currant Jelly.—With three parts of fine, ripe, red currants, mix one of white currants; put them into a clean preserving-pan, and stir them gently over a clear fire until the juice flows from them freely; then turn them into a fine hair sieve, and let them drain well, but without pressure. Pass the juice through a folded muslin, or a jelly-bag; weigh it, and then boil it *fast* for a quarter of an hour; add for each pound, eight ounces of sugar, coarsely powdered; stir this to it, off the fire, until it is dissolved; give the jelly eight minutes more of quick boiling, and pour it out. It will be firm, and of excellent color and flavor. Be sure to clear off the scum as it rises, both before and after the sugar is put in, or the preserve will not be clear. Juice of red currants, three pounds; juice of white currants, one pound; fifteen minutes. Sugar, two pounds; eight minutes. An excellent jelly may be made with equal parts of the juice of red and of white currants, and of raspberries, with the same proportion of sugar and degree of boiling as mentioned in the foregoing recipe.

White Currant Jelly.—White currant jelly is made in the same way as red currant jelly, only it should have double-refined sugar, and not be boiled above ten minutes. White currant jelly should be put through a lawn sieve.

To Dry Currants for Dessert.—Have a basin of water, and dissolve in it a sufficient quantity of gum arabic to make it rather thick; have also a plateful of the best loaf sugar rounded and sifted; dip bunches of ripe, red currants into the gum arabic solution, and then roll them well in the sugar; lay them separately on a dish to dry in the sun. They are very pretty for dessert, to be eaten immediately: if kept, care must be taken that the bunches do not touch, and the process should be repeated by rolling them in sugar for several days successively.

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 29 letters.

My 6, 15, 13, 3, 1, 4, 25, is a river in Senegambia.
My 7, 12, 4, 21, 1, 11, is a river in South Africa.
My 1, 4, 18, 29, 21, 22, is a lake in Polynesia.
My 16, 4, 27, 9, 26, 1, 16, is a lake in Australia.
My 6, 4, 25, 19, is a desert in Persia.
My 5, 4, 8, 27, 20, 18, is a mountain in Turkey.
My 20, 13, 4, 25, is a lake in the Russian Empire.
My 7, 14, 28, 27, is a river in Prussia.
My 14, 3, 2, 1, is a lake in Ireland.
My 3, 13, 4, 12, 3, is a lake in Russia.
My 1, 4, 18, 7, 13, 13, 28, is a lake in France.
My 29, 26, 2, 7, is a river in Portugal.
My 6, 4, 25, 4, 29, 26, is a river in Buenos Ayres.
My 4, 21, 29, 26, is a mountain in New Grenada.
My 26, 27, 25, 25, 4, 21, 8, is a lake in Canada.
My 1, 20, 4, 14, 4, 25, 20, 24, 22, is a mountain in Texas.
My 10, 22, 25, 3, 13, is a mountain in Washington.
My 24, 25, 3, 9, 9, 3, is a river in Nebraska.
My 19, 3, 23, 4, 21, 4, is a town in Texas.
My 1, 2, 3, 3, 13, is a mountain in Vermont.
My whole is a large desert.

Warren, Vt. EDWARD.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY GEORGE W. DUFFIELD.

I am composed of 21 letters.

My 16, 14, 12, 15, was an English admiral.
My 8, 1, 6, is an established rule.
My 18, 7, 5, 10, is one of the points of the compass.
My 11, 14, 12, 13, is often very oppressive.
My 13, 19, 2, 3, was a celebrated archer.
My 18, 12, 15, 16, is another name for a rod.
My 21, 7, 19, was an American general.
My 12, 18, 2, is a cobbler's instrument.
My 10, 11, 19, 4, 12, was one of the female Titans.
My 9, 14, 14, 5, is an adverb.
My whole is a well known saying.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In Eastern climes we're told,
Were warriors brave and bold,
Whose tasks are done;
When to my first they went,
They lived in camp and tent,
Till victory was won.

Oft in the glen and glade,
And in the forest's shade
My second's heard;
Though not of plumage rare,
'Tis reckoned everywhere,
A very pretty bird.

The annual snows and flowers,
The annual storms and showers,
In my whole are seen;
The Keystone State can claim
A county of its name—
Can'st tell which one I mean?

Pequea, Lancaster Co., Pa. A. K. HOWRY.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The morn is bright and clear,
The sun is shining high;
The skylark long ago has soared
Far upwards to the sky.
The sportsman takes his way,
Unto the woods for game,
My first doth go along with him;
Can'st tell me, now, its name?

My second's long—
'Tis very strong;
'Tis often killed by men.
And in the night
It gives us light,
Or what it gives us, then.
But man, alas! is often slain
By these monsters of the deep—
And ne'er returning home again,
His waiting friends will weep.

The sailor travels far and near,
Almost from pole to pole;
And doubtless oft my second sees,
While leaning o'er my whole.

GAHMEW.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Twelve men agree to perform a piece of work in 8 days; but after working 3 days, 6 of the company leave, with the agreement that they shall return in such a time, that by bringing 3 men with them, the work will still be finished in the required time. What part of the work was completed when they returned?

Pequea, Lancaster Co., Pa. A. K. HOWRY.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ A schoolmaster perpetrates the following:—What irregular verb, if conjugated in the first persons of three tenses, will define the spectacle of boys indulging in a certain game? Ans.—See, saw, seen! (*See-saw scene!*)

☞ Fifty guests once ate everything a certain man had in his house. The next guest he turned out by simply pointing to his date-box. What was the date? Ans.—March 4th; '58 (March forth!—fifty ate!)—*N. Y. Picayune.*

☞ Why is Dunup's search for money like a barren tree? Ans.—Because it is fruitless.

☞ Why is a fool's speech like a poor man's pocket? Ans.—Because it wants sense.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA—"Abridgement of the Debates in Congress—"Thos. Hart Benton. CHARADE—War-Eagle. The grave of War-Eagle is on a high bluff of the Missouri River, above Sioux City, Iowa. War Eagle was a celebrated chief of the Dakota or Sioux Indians. CHARADE—Supper. ARITHMETICAL QUESTION—A 14—B 7, and C 5 acres.

☞ Progress never disappears, but it is often misplaced; it goes from the government to the governed. The tendency of revolutions is, always, to restore progress to the governors.—When progress is at the head of society, it marches boldly and swiftly, for it guides; when progress is confided to the governed, it marches slowly, for it must fight its way.—*Louis Napoleon: Napoleonic Ideas.*

☞ The vain man idolizes his own person, and here he is wrong; but he cannot bear his own company, and here he is right.